

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1876.

GEORGE TABOU; KING OF THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

"AND kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy nursing mothers, and thou shalt know that I am the Lord." This passage of Scripture is remarkably fulfilled in the career of the person with whom we desire to make our readers acquainted. He is the reigning monarch of the Friendly Islands, in the Southern Pacific, and since 1865 has been the acknowledged sovereign of the three groups of which the islands consist. At the time of his Christian baptism, he took the name of George, and his queen that of Charlotte. He has proved himself worthy of the high position which he fills, and his sovereignty is acknowledged by England, America, and France.

Like the rest of the Friendly Islanders, the family of the king were accustomed to worship idols, and so much was his father given to idolatry, that when his son was a boy he cut off both the child's little fingers, and offered them in sacrifice to the gods. At the time of his conversion, he was king of one group of islands only. Having heard of the wonderful effects of the Gospel at Tonga, he went thither himself and desired a missionary to be sent to his people, but no missionary could be spared; however, a native teacher was sent, but the King was not well pleased with the appointment, as he thought it was not sufficiently honorable to be put off in that way; however, Peter Vi, the teacher, went in the name of the Lord,

and, by means of his consistent deportment and the faithful proclamation of the truth, he not only won the hearts of many of the people, but also overcame the prejudices of the King, who eventually resolved to abandon idolatry and embrace the true religion. His public acknowledgment of the truth caused some heathen chiefs to take great offence, and even threaten his life; indeed, poison was administered unto him, and his life was in danger, but by the timely administration of emetics, and, no doubt, in answer to prayer—for there were many prayers offered—his valuable life was spared. The priests foretold the vengeance that the gods would soon inflict; but to show his defiance of their power, he caused them all to be hung by the neck near his sleeping apartment, at the same time challenging them to hurt him if they could. This was in 1830.

For some years, His Majesty seemed to be doing well in religion, but, like many others, he left his first love and became a backslider, though he never went back to heathen practices. In 1845 there was a glorious revival of religion which swept like a tidal wave of mercy through all the islands, in which several hundreds of persons found redemption through the blood of Christ. Among others was a Chief who had been very obnoxious to the King, and when His Majesty saw the offending Chief at the feet of Jesus, it

seemed as though he too must submit to the Savior, but to be reconciled to the Chief was an almost insuperable difficulty; however, in a little time the King and the Chief embraced each other. Both became Christians and both became local preachers; and on Sabbath-mornings they would be seen going to various islands, like other local preachers, to preach the Word of Life. There are more than five hundred of these useful laborers of the Church in the Friendly Islands, but for whom the work of evangelization could not be carried on.

It may be proper here to explain how George Tabou became king. It has been said that he obtained the throne by improper means, and that he is a usurper. But this is not so. In 1833, the King of Vavan died, and it was his wish that George, King of Haabai, should be his successor. All concerned agreed in this request. A few years subsequently the Tonga group was added to his dominion in a similar manner, so that now he sways his benign scepter over all the groups.

When a king has to be appointed, the different chiefs make the selection. A *Kava*-meeting is held, that is, a meeting at which a preparation of kava-root is diluted and drunk by the persons assembled, according to certain rules of etiquette. Two chiefs, who are called fathers, sit, the one on the king's right hand and the other on the left. Their office is to relieve the king, and to act on his account. The other chiefs sit on either side, forming a large circle, the bulk of the people being in front. The kava being prepared, before it is served out the chief on the king's right hand opens the business of the meeting by stating the object on which they are assembled. The different chiefs and their king also speak in turn. When the king's kava is poured into the dish, he is saluted by the chief on his right hand with the name expressive of his office or dignity—*Tinkanokobolu*. When George Tabou had thus been declared king, he and most of the company repaired to the church, where Rev. John Thomas preached to a deeply attentive congregation.

During the thirty years that this monarch has swayed the scepter in the Friendly Islands, there have been occasions when some heathen chiefs, instigated by some Romish priests, have attempted a rebellion; but His Majesty has proved himself equal to all emergencies. On one occasion, the rebels succeeded in erecting two fortresses, and the King was compelled to make war upon them. The campaign lasted five months, during which many lives were lost on both sides. But on the side of the King it was a real Christian warfare. Throughout all the villages and in the King's camp, daily prayer-meetings were held, and a missionary, who was often present, declares that he never heard one unchristian sentence uttered in prayer, nor one revengeful feeling put forth in any conversation. The termination of the war was very different from former conflicts. The rebel leaders were promised pardon on condition of laying down their arms. This they did, and were brought into the King's presence with *ifé* leaves round their necks, expressive of deep humiliation and expected death. They walked slowly between the lines of armed men. As they drew near the spot where the King and his ministers were sitting, they were so overpowered with a sense of shame, and with a fear that after all they might be put to death, that they shrunk to the ground; but just at that moment the King's herald called aloud that they should live, and suffer no degradation of rank.

This was a great deal more than they expected, and furthermore, the King ordered that the rebel chiefs should remain in his camp that night, and, at family prayer they were so much convinced of the superiority of the new religion, that they there and then cast in their lot with the people of God; and thus the unhappy war was brought to an end; but, from the Christian way in which the King acted during this sad period, a great impetus was given to the cause of religion. A British ship of war was in the harbor of Tonga when the rebellion closed, the

commander, Sir Everard Hope, Bart., witnessed the pardoning of the rebels by the King, and said, "it was the most sublime sight which he had ever seen. King George can only be compared to Alfred the Great, of blessed memory. He is worthy of being called a King. He is the greatest man in these seas."

One of the chief difficulties with which King George has had to contend has arisen from the influence of the Romish priests, who have a thousand adherents. In the reign of a former king, Romish institutions were introduced into Tonga. After the French protectorate was declared at Tahiti, the priests became more bold, and, according to the accounts which we have received, they did not act honorably, for not only did they endeavor to proselyte Christian natives, but even sought to perplex the teachers with puzzling questions. Romanism has, however, always been intolerant, but the Friendly Islanders are not likely to be drawn away by its dogmas, though the priests may stir up political strife as they have already done, and involve the rulers in trouble.

When the first attempt was made to establish Popery in one of the groups, the King said to the bishop who came to the island on board of a French war vessel, "I and my people have all turned to God." The bishop told the King that his own religion was the old and true faith, and that the religion taught by the Methodist missionaries was one that had lately sprung up. The King said, "We know but one God and Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom we have all turned." The bishop then said he only wished to leave the priests for two or three months to learn the language. The King saw through this at once, and doubting whether they would learn much of the language in so short a time, stated in reply, "If they are to go away in two or three months, why could they not as well go away in the vessel that brought them?" The bishop still pressed for permission to leave the priests, but the King resolutely said, "It is not my mind that they should stay."

Great consternation was felt at Tonga by the sight of a French war vessel, whose captain had orders from the Popish governor of Tahiti, to examine certain complaints made against the King by the Romish priests of Tonga. The King quickly obeyed the summons of the captain and went on board, taking with him his State-paper box, in which he had copies of all his correspondence, especially that with the Romish priests. This correspondence he laid before the captain, who viewed the King and his papers with astonishment. At the close of their long interview, which lasted five hours, and throughout which the King conducted himself with the greatest Christian propriety, the French captain expressed himself entirely satisfied, and stated to the King that "the French Government, through him, acknowledged George as King of the Friendly Islands, and that the only condition he would impose was, that if any Frenchman chose to reside in his dominions, he should be protected so long as he obeyed the laws; and that if any of the King's subjects chose to become Roman Catholics they should be allowed to do so." To these conditions the King readily agreed. The captain afterward said, that he "had seen and conversed with many chiefs in the South Seas, but that he had not seen one to be compared in knowledge and ability, in courage and dignity, to George, the King of the Friendly Islands."

For many years past the King has used his utmost endeavors to promote the welfare of his people, by encouraging trade and commerce. He owns several schooners, mounted with small cannon, and carrying a national flag. The trade of the islands consists mostly in the manufacture and export of cocoa-nut oil. This is the chief source of revenue; taxes are light, for though there are several salaried officers besides the King, they are not expensive, as His Majesty does not keep a large retinue of attendants. A recent traveler, who visited Tonga, said that he found the palace to be a weatherboard house. The King lives very plainly, but

he occupies a position which many monarchs might envy, as he dwells in the hearts of a loyal people.

Though necessarily much occupied with the affairs of his kingdom, King George always attends public worship, and never fails to keep his appointments as a local preacher. He also regularly leads a class, as also does the Queen. They both take deep interest in education, and are teachers in the Sabbath-school. The Sunday-morning prayer-meeting at seven o'clock, which was quite an institution among the early Methodists, has been introduced by the missionaries to the Friendly Islands, and among the most regular attendants are the King and Queen, both of whom take part in the exercises.

In 1862, a code of laws was adopted for the regulation of the affairs of the Friendly Islands. Our space will not allow us to quote the entire code, but they were all approved by the chiefs who hold office under the King, and the day of their adoption was a gala day in the islands. Thousands were convened at Tonga from all the islands, and the day was one of great rejoicing. The Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL. D., thus speaks of the said code of laws:

"In the first place, it was not written at the 'circumlocution office.' In the second place, it is altogether free from what John Wesley called 'the villainous tautology of lawyers,'—in plain, straightforward speech, it announces its meaning, which nobody can misunderstand. It is not faultless, of course. People do not expect the first code of laws of any nation to be absolutely without blemish. That is not very common in British legislation (nor American either). It is enacted, if any are determined to fight, they shall go into the bush and fight it out, but he that commenced the quarrel is to be fined six dollars, and if both are to blame, both are to be fined. Then it enacts, that spirits are to be sold only by license from the King, and only on certain conditions, one of which is, that on no possible pretense shall they be sold on the Sabbath-day. Then there is another enactment,

that if any man dares to speak evil of ministers, he shall be fined ten dollars forthwith. Then there is another, that if any person neglects to send his children to the schools, he shall be fined ten dollars immediately."

King George having realized the blessings of the Gospel, has ever since taken a deep interest in its spread to other groups of islands. He was the means of sending native teachers to Samoa, the Navigator's Islands, and also to Fiji. A letter which he wrote to King Thakombau was the means of causing that monarch to embrace Christianity. Recently a new mission has been commenced in British Guinea.

Thus it will be seen that George Tabou is not only a king, but is also a subject of the King of kings. During the tour of the Rev. Robert Young in Polynesia, where he was sent as a deputation from the Wesleyan Missionary Society, he was often brought into contact with the King, who even accompanied him to New South Wales, and Mr. Young said that though he was with him night and day for two months, "yet during that time he never heard a foolish word drop from his lips, nor did he see him manifest a single act that was not in accordance with his devotedness to Christ."

As far as can be ascertained, King George is more than eighty years of age, and as he can not long continue by reason of death, it is sometimes asked what will become of the Friendly Islands when he passes away,—will they be annexed as Fiji has been? We trust that when the sovereign of the Friendly Islands has ceased to reign, his words will not be forgotten. "We are a people without power, and we lie, as it were, in the dust. But even if powerful countries come and take hold of us, and dash us down; and should an angry people who wish our overthrow strike, and strike again, until we are broken; still, for all that, let us hold fast our religion, and let us continue to embrace Jesus Christ, so that our souls may live forever."

EDWARD BARRASS.

BOOKS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

IT is difficult in these days, when books seem to descend like a paper snow-storm on one's reading-table, and threaten to burst all bounds in the crowded library; when they are turned out in thousands by steam, both as to printing and writing, until the embarrassment of riches is hopelessly perplexing, as to what shall be read and what left unread; it is difficult and well-nigh impossible to bring at all accurately to one's thoughts that state of things in those days of non-printing, when a single volume was a highly cherished possession, being the handiwork of some "pious and painful" scribe, and the fruit of long years of self-denying toil.

The gift of a book to a church or a religious house was believed to give the donor a claim to eternal salvation; and the cherished offering would be laid upon the high altar with the most imposing ceremonial, while an irrevocable sentence of damnation was pronounced on whomsoever should dare to purloin the treasure. This was, perhaps, the origin of the old couplet,

"Steal not this book, my *honest* friend,
For fear the gallows will be your end!"

We read with wonder of the labors of Venerable Bede, and many others, who gave up love and luxury, and spent long years in copying books for the benefit of others; of Guido de Jars, who began at the age of forty to transcribe the Holy Scriptures on vellum, with rich and elegant decorations, and patiently pursued his labor of love until, after the lapse of half a century, he tottered on his ninetieth year, and *finis* was written on his life and work together.

As late as the reign of Henry VI, when the invention of paper had greatly increased the number of manuscript volumes, the persevering student must have been greatly hampered in his researches; for the ancient statutes of St. Mary's College, Oxford, contain this order: "Let

no scholar occupy a book in the library above one hour, or two hours at the most, lest others shall be hindered from the use of the same." The scarcity of parchment was often greater than that of scribes ready and able to perform the tedious transcription of the books; and there is a record of 1120 that a certain Master Hugh, who had been appointed to write a copy of the Bible for the Convent of St. Edmondsbury, could find no parchment in England.

In 855, the Abbot of Ferrieres, in France, sent two of his monks to Pope Benedict III to beg a copy of "Cicero de Oratore" and "Quintillian's Institutes," with some other volumes, on the plea that although the convent had part of these books, there was no whole or complete copy of them in all France. Albert, Abbot of Gemblours, prided himself on his library, consisting of a hundred volumes on theological, and fifty on general, subjects, which he had collected through almost incredible labor and expense. In Spain, books were so scarce at the beginning of the tenth century, that the same copy of the Scriptures, St. Jerome's Epistles, and some volumes of ecclesiastical offices and martyrologies, was often used in several monasteries.

In 1072, Archbishop Lanfranc, among his Constitutions to the Monks of England, made the following injunction: At the beginning of Lent, the librarian was to furnish each of the religious with a book, which he was allowed a whole year to read; and at the next penitential season, the monks who had neglected to read the books they had received, were commanded to prostrate themselves before the abbot, and supplicate his indulgence. This arrangement was partly owing to the low state of literature in the English monasteries, and partly to the scarcity of suitable volumes.

Two centuries later, we find the Bishop of Winchester borrowing of his Cathed-

dral Convent of St. Swithin, at Winchester, the "*Biblia Bene Glossata*," or the Bible with marginal annotations, in two large folio volumes; and he gives a bond for its return, which is drawn up with great solemnity. This valuable volume had been left as a legacy to the convent by his predecessor, Bishop Nicholas of Ely, and for this bequest, and the additional consideration of one hundred marks, the monks instituted a daily mass for the bishop's soul.

In the early part of the thirteenth century, the Dean of York presented several Latin Bibles to the University of Oxford, with the condition that the students who read them should always deposit a pledge for their safe return. The library of the university, before 1300, contained nothing more valuable than a few tracts, which were either chained or kept in chests in the choir of St. Mary's Church.

Books were naturally enormously dear in the Middle Ages. Bede's "*Homilies*" and St. Austin's "*Psalter*" were sold by the Monks of Dorchester, in 1174, for twelve measures of barley, and a pall covered with silver embroidery which represented the history of Birinus converting a Saxon king. In 1400, a copy of the "*Romaun de la Rose*" was sold at Paris for forty crowns; and in the reign of Edward III, Isabella de Lancaster, a nun of Ambresbury, received about a thousand pounds for a book of romance which was purchased for the king's use.

The English monasteries encouraged the transcribing of books; and every great abbey was provided with an apartment called the *Scriptorium*, where writers were constantly employed in transcribing not only the Service-books for the choir, but also volumes for the library. The *Scriptorium* of St. Alban's Abbey was built by the Norman Abbot Paulin, who ordered many volumes to be written there in about 1080. Archbishop Lanfranc furnished the copies. Estates were often granted for the support of the *Scriptorium*; and that at St. Edmondsbury was endowed with two mills, while the tithes of a rectory were appropriated

to the Cathedral Convent of St. Swithin, at Winchester.

Seven hundred volumes, which must all have been produced by hand work, were destroyed in the burning of Croyland Abbey, which occurred in 1091. About the year 1300, fifty-eight volumes were transcribed at Glastonbury during the government of one abbot. The library of this monastery was the richest in England, and the records of 1248 show that it contained then more than four hundred manuscripts.

The mere transcription of these volumes of a past age is worthy of admiration; but still more are our wondering eyes arrested by the beauty with which they are adorned. In many manuscripts almost every line is decorated with richly brilliant illuminations, finely tinted paintings, and quaint and striking ornaments. It is a great loss to the world of beauty that so few have survived the storms and changes of the centuries; but this small proportion are treasured in the principal European libraries,—in the Vatican of Rome, the Imperial at Vienna, St. Mark's at Venice, the Escorial of Spain, and the principal public libraries of England.

The lost art of illuminating manuscripts is of very ancient origin. Mention is made in Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus of purple and yellow skins on which books were transcribed in gold and silver. And among the eastern nations similar rolls, exquisitely done, are often found of a later date. It is supposed that the Greeks learned the art from Egypt or India, and transmitted it to the Latins, who seem to have practiced it early in the second century. The earliest specimen of purple or rose-colored vellum on record was presented to the Emperor Maximinus the Younger, in the beginning of the third century, by his mother; it consisted of the poems of Homer, written in gold letters on purple vellum. Such work was then very rare. The most ancient specimen now in existence of this gorgeous style of calligraphy is probably the celebrated "*Codex Argenteus*" of Ulphilas, which is

illuminated in gold and silver lettering on a purple ground.

In the fourth century, this style of writing had become quite common; but in later years, purple vellum Greek manuscripts were represented as "scarcer than white crows." St. Jerome evidently disapproved of these "purple leaves covered with letters of gold and silver," and adds: "For myself and friends, let us have lower priced books, and distinguished not so much for beauty as for accuracy." Mabillon says that these "purple treasures" were only for the princes and noblemen of the times; and another authority pronounces it not in good taste "to write upon purple vellum in letters of gold and silver, unless at the particular desire of a prince."

The subject of the manuscript had much to do with the style of executing it; and those Christians of the dark ages did not offer to God that which cost them nothing. In an epistle of Boniface, bishop and martyr, to the Abbess Eadburga, the latter is requested "to write the Epistles of St. Peter, the master and apostle of Boniface, in letters of gold, for the greater reverence to be paid towards the sacred Scriptures when the abbess preaches before her carnally-minded auditors."

The outside of these magnificent volumes was quite worthy of the contents; and they were often

"In velvet bound, and 'broider'd o'er"

with the richest devices of needle-work. The first binding was probably a plain and unadorned oaken cover. And the earliest ornaments were of a religious character: a representation of the blessed Virgin, the Infant Jesus, or the Crucifixion. A Latin Psalter of Alfred's time is mentioned, with this substantial binding, and a large brass crucifix riveted on the oaken board. Also a manuscript copy of the twelfth or thirteenth century, containing the Latin Gospels in oaken covers, inlaid with carved ivory, representing our Savior with an angel above him, and the Virgin and Child.

"But as the taste for luxury and ornament increased, and the bindings, even the clumsy wooden ones, became more gorgeously decorated,—the most costly gems and precious stones being frequently inlaid with the golden ornaments,—the shape and form of them was altogether altered. With a view to the preservation and the safety of the riches lavished on them, the bindings were made double, each side being, perhaps, two inches thick; and on a spring being touched, or a secret lock opened, it divided like the opening of a cupboard-door, and displayed the rich ornament and treasure within, while when closed the outside had only the appearance of a plain, somewhat clumsy binding. At that time, too, books were ranged on shelves with the leaves in front; therefore, great pains were taken, both in the decoration of the edges, and also in the rich and ornamental clasps and strings which united the wooden sides. These clasps were frequently of gold, inlaid with jewels."

At a later day, the wooden frame was covered with leather, vellum, or velvet; though the last style of binding does not appear before the fourteenth century. Almost every thing rich and rare was impressed into this service; and Queen Elizabeth carried about with her a small volume of prayers bound in solid gold, which was suspended by a gold chain at her side; and a small devotional book that belonged to King Charles I is still preserved, richly-bound in tortoise-shell and finely-carved silver.

Needle-work covers, consisting of rare and beautiful devices on velvet or brocade, were very popular in Queen Elizabeth's time; and the high-born dames of that day frequently employed themselves in ornamenting the most valuable of the volumes that were now finding their way into almost every house. It seems probable that the needle had been similarly employed long before this; but the perishable nature of such work must have rendered it necessary to replace it with more durable binding. The earliest specimen of this style of cover is in the

British Museum, and has an illuminated title-page, which represents the author in a kneeling posture before the pope, to whom he is presenting his book. It is dated 1471, and is decorated throughout with illuminated letters and other old time ornaments; for long after the invention of printing, blank spaces were left for capitals and headings to be filled up by the pencil. Sometimes, these spaces have not been filled up, which gives the book quite an unfinished appearance.

After illuminating, came red ink ornamentation, a style with which most people are familiar. A description of the Holy Land, written in French, in the reign of the seventh Henry, and illuminated, is described as bound in rich maroon velvet, with the royal arms; the garter and motto embroidered in blue, the ground crimson, and the *fleurs de lys*, leopards, and letters of the motto, in gold thread. A coronet or crown of gold thread is inwrought with pearls; the roses at the corners are in red silk and gold; and there is a narrow border round the whole in burnished gold thread.

An edition of "Petrarch's Sonnets," printed at Venice in 1544, is in excellent preservation. It belonged to Edward VI, and the back is of dark crimson velvet, with a royal coat of arms wrought on each side in silk and gold, highly raised.

A book of prayers, copied out by Queen Elizabeth before she came to the throne, is covered with canvas, worked all over with needle-work of rich crimson silk and silver thread, by the hands of the royal scribe. The ornaments are H, K, intertwined in the middle, a smaller H above and below, and roses in the corners, all raised high, and worked in blue silk and silver. This is the dedication of the book: "Illustrissimo ac potentissimo Henrico octavo, Angliæ, Franciæ, Hiberniæque, regi, fidei defensori, et secundum Christum ecclesiæ Anglicanæ et Hibernicæ supremo capiti. Elizabetha majest. S. humillima filia omnem felicitatem precatur, et benedictionem suam supplex petit."

Among the manuscripts in the Bodleian Library are the Epistles of St. Paul, printed in old black letter. The binding of this volume is another specimen of Elizabeth's skill in needle-work. In the beginning are the words in the royal handwriting:

"August.—I walk many times into the pleasant fields of the Holy Scriptures, where I plucke up the goodliesome herbes of sentences by pruning; eate them by reading; chawe them by musing; and laie them up at length in the hie seate of memorie by gathering them together; that so having tasted thy sweetness, I may the less perceive the bitterness of this miserable life."

ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

CONSECRATION.

OH the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Savior's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
"All of self and none of thee!"

Yet he found me; I beheld him
Bleeding on the accursed tree;
Heard him pray, "Forgive them, Father!"
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self, and some of thee."

Day by day his tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of thee."

Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, thy love at last hath conquered;
Grant me now my soul's desire,—
"None of self and all of thee."

FROM CAEN TO ROTTERDAM.

CHAPTER V.

MANY years have rolled by since the day when M. Pâris returned once more to the Reformed faith. The little children of that by-gone time have grown almost to the full stature of men and women. The two sons of Gillome, who were mere infants when this history began, have been preserved to the love and care of the good wife and mother, while another little daughter has been added to the family group,—this happy circle, who laugh and sing about the premises all the day long!

Her eldest son, William, has been educated for the army, and is now just completing his studies. The boy's sentiment as to the profession of arms may be gathered from one sentence spoken to his father:

"The Reformers can have hope here, in the service of the States, to achieve an honor and renown which they never could reach in that of his most Christian Majesty of France."

The fond mother always breathed a little sigh as she listened to the enthusiasm of her oldest living son. True as the words were, Gillome had ever continued to cherish a fond affection for France, kept alive still more vividly by the interchanges of love with her family, still resident there.

But she never dreamed or wished to return to the ungrateful country,—never desired it for herself, her husband, or her children. These latter had indeed become thorough Hollanders. All their loyalty belonged to the United Provinces, and nothing could exceed the passionate admiration they felt for William of Orange, now become King of England. His favor, also, toward the French refugees, who had been the chief power in placing him on the throne, was constant and unwearied. His regiments, always open to those who desired to enter the

army, sometimes grumbled, or made protest against what they called unjust partiality on the part of William. Thus, to be commanded by men of larger experience, mayhap, than themselves, but who had fought less under the French standard than they under their own, brought about, at times, an acrid feeling. It was of brief duration, however, and the veterans turned with pleasure to the younger sons of the exiles, to whom they accorded the greatest good will, because, forsooth, they had studied in the same schools, and passed through the same discipline as they did when children. "They belong and are one with us, you know," they said to each other.

M. Pâris had once more become the head of a prosperous commercial house. Endowed with the full rights and privileges of citizenship; through the generosity of magistrates exercising rule in Rotterdam, permitted to remit all imposts for the term of twelve years; and having been able to retain in possession a considerable sum of money brought with him from France, M. Pâris commenced an energetic business life in his adopted city, under bright auspices for success.

He effected negotiations with his friends in Caen, on the same terms, and in like manner, as, in former years, he had carried on marine interests with Holland, when Normandy was still his home.

His first agreements were, to allow ship-owners half-profits from the cargoes of old wines, French liquors, and fine porcelain, brought from Caen. By degrees, he chartered vessels at his own risk, in which he ventured on voyages to Friedland and Guelders, to negotiate for large supplies of cheese, the manufactories of which, in those countries, were extensive and celebrated.

To these ports he conveyed woolen fabrics, yarns, or wool in fleece, and, oc-

casionally, various grains brought from England as an exchange.

From Normandy, his ships returned laden with eggs, vegetables, fruits, and poultry; now and then with flax, or mixed goods of linen and wool, as also the beautiful Norman lace.

He became once more a rich and influential man, while the blessing of God rested upon himself and his household. It seemed as if every project to which he laid his hand, or devoted his thought, prospered.

The multitude of porters, that might almost be styled an army, who loaded and discharged these cargoes; the numerous clerks, engaged in storehouses and counting-rooms, were all exiles from foreign lands, and nearly the whole number were Normans.

The ever-active, ever-patient Gillome watched with tender care over the wives and children of these employés; but to no living ear did she confide the secret of her own need of just such constant attendance.

The first, in the morning, to be found at the office, by the side of her husband, she took cheerful part in all his labors, she gave him wise counsel in all his mercantile perplexities; she instructed her daughters on every intricate point, that, if so ordained, they might replace her in the future.

The passing years, marked as they had been by an exile from home, by griefs submissively endured, by many cares silently borne, had undermined the vital strength of this brave, tender woman. Many white strands overlapped the dark brown hair of her once luxuriant tresses; and Phillis, so awake to every change in her adored mistress, and upon whom time had left no adverse trace, would exclaim, as she made her simple toilet, seated before the mirror:

"Alack-a-day! it is odd; but I, who once looked old enough to be the mother of Madame, might now pass her off for mine!"

Michel Basèrat and his wife, the first of this devoted company who trod a for-

eign soil, were no longer pilgrims and sojourners there. They were laid away in the church-yard of one of their own modest sanctuaries, having escaped the darkness and turmoil of a fugitive's life. Their health rapidly changed under a strange sun, and the strong sea air proved unfriendly to their already depressed vitality.

Two children were born to them in Holland, to console their lonely hearts in exile. But the heart of the mother remained more than faithful, filled rather with a passionate love, to the daughters that had been ruthlessly torn from her arms in their helpless babyhood, and thus shut out forever from a mother's care. They were both fully grown, and had been always taught, by their Catholic guardian, to murmur at and condemn the religion of their parents, despising them in their hearts for what they deemed a false faith. Without taking the veil, they were yet devoted Romanists, permanent inmates of the convent where placed in childhood, and there tranquilly enjoying the ample fortune belonging to their parents,—now, alas! at so vast a distance,—which was administered for their benefit by their Catholic teachers. These latter were nearly all of them apostates from the Reformed sect, whose sleepy consciences would not be upbraided, nor cry to them with the loud voice that had so awakened M. Pâris to danger.

Michel Basèrat had sought, indeed, for an energy of will sufficient to give himself up to commerce. But he had not succeeded in it. The whole bent of his mind was averse to its details. As he had erewhile refused to associate himself with his father in trade, so now his experiment ended with his Cousin Pâris by his urging the latter to draw up a schedule of stock on hand, then make valuation, and release him from all bonds.

A few months subsequent to this event, M. Basèrat, weary of his exiled state, crushed by disappointment and adverse fate, after confiding his young son Pitre,

and daughter Martha, to the care of his faithful and beloved sister, died in great peace, fully resigned to leave a world which, since the days of his youth, had been crowded by anxious fears and much real sorrow. In six months, his wife followed him to her grave, while the aged parents still remained alive at Caen.

Suzanne and Madeleine had not as yet married, continuing with their brother in his home, until he died, and never weary of their hopeful endeavor to second him in any business interest he might prefer. Finding this a vain hope, they then pursued, on their own account, a small commerce, at first for mere occupation, and afterward to lessen an ever-increasing despondency. Their main delight consisted in cultivating in their small garden a variety of lovely flowers, which, in former years, had constituted a happy recreation to them in Caen. They had brought seeds with them that were gathered in Normandy, and thus, little by little, was the diminutive parterre brightly embellished. The entire atmosphere surrounding the quiet mansion exhaled a balmy, delicate perfume. Many of the passers-by stopped on their way to contemplate this beautiful coronet of flowers, of which the larger number were new in Holland. Not content with mere sight-seeing, these interested ones began to inquire if there were seeds or bulbs for sale. Suzanne, delighted with such questioning, would hasten to cut the most charming bouquets, as an incentive to purchase, and an attraction for others.

"Perhaps it will be possible for us in this manner to reap profit enough to keep our *ménage* without touching the sum left us by Michel," she said to her sister. "After a while we can have our friends send us other blooming plants from France, such as carnations and daisies. Flowers seem to be a passion with the people of this city; and having such fondness for them, I am certain we shall, in the end, reap a profitable revenue from their sale."

Pitre Basèrat and his sister Martha had thus been reared in the very midst of a

true rose-bower, and were often employed the livelong day in arranging the most tasteful groups for their soon numerous purchasers. But Pitre had far different instincts, even a desire for a much more extended commerce, and of enterprises in which the labor would be greater, and the risks proportionately large. He had just attained his fifteenth year, when he one day very boldly announced to his aunts his purpose of sailing for France.

"My Uncle Jean has lived a great many years in Normandy, without abjuring," said he, "and I do not see why I can not do the same. We have a nice lot of relations there, and why should I leave my cousins to gain every thing?"

"Thy Uncle Jean has never openly apostatized," answered Madeleine, "because his wife has always held him back from the edge of this miserable precipice," and, as she spoke, a dark cloud fell on her face. "I do not know the sister he has given us, but I am well assured that she is one who fears God and keeps his commandments. But you, my son, will have no such guardian there. On the contrary, thou wilt be tempted on every side. Thy uncle and his sons will not be able to give thee a room in their dwelling, and, although thou canst find a home under the roof with thy grandparents, they are very old, very infirm, and, if the good Lord takes them to himself, what is then to become of thee?"

"I know very well what I mean to do, my aunt," resolutely affirmed the boy. "I will interpret and teach foreign languages until all Caen shall admire me. That is one of the positions still left open to the Reformers in France, because they alone are educated for such high offices."

His Aunt Suzanne gazed at him with a half-amused, half-surprised expression, to find such precocious development in one they considered still a child. She recognized in it that instinct for active business engagements and practical work which had always been her own peculiar forte,—talents which had been brought vividly to the surface by adversity.

"Yes, thou canst speak German and

Dutch, it is true, and both must prove of benefit."

"But I have studied English and Spanish also, aunt," exclaimed Pitre, in triumph; "and I practice every day on the pier with the sailors who come from those countries, and I understand them very well, while they make out all that I say to them."

"Nice companions these for a Basèrat!" cried Madeleine, shrugging her shoulders. She could foresee that her more yielding sister would give up the point to her nephew, while her own contempt and distress at the thought of seeing him depart from Rotterdam, to place himself, as she believed, in circumstances that would endanger the salvation of his soul, could harbor nothing of palliation.

"We know very well how the Reformers live in France," she continued, but Pitre turned a deaf ear. Enchanted at finding a champion in his Aunt Suzanne, he laid open to them, without reserve, the project which had been so deliberately prepared by him in its every detail.

Madeleine stood leaning her elbow on her nephew's shoulder.

"And Martha?" she asked; "wilt thou leave her alone with us?"

Pitre colored as he replied:

"I wished to take her with me, but she would not hear of it!"

Madeleine's hot indignation rose to the surface.

"What! take Martha!" she cried, "to be sent to a convent prison, to join her sisters there,—to despoil us of every one of our treasures at once,—we who could never, never be persuaded to leave this country to return to, and forsake, the true faith in France; for thou *wilt betray* it, thou wilt fall away, thou wilt lose all principle, thou wilt be without faith, without the fear of God. Thou lovest well thy repose, thy ease,—they will torture thee, and then thou wilt sign thy name as a traitor to all good,—thou wilt go to mass, thou wilt forget all we have taught thee with prayers and tears, thou wilt break our hearts!"

Pitre was moved by this wild appeal, but it did not shake his purpose.

"I know well all that I owe to you, Aunt Madeleine," he said gently, and then added in a firmer voice, "but I know, also, what I owe to myself, and I promise never to forsake the creed my aunts have taught me. Remember, I pledge myself to that, in a solemn vow!"

Suzanne had fixed an observant and earnest eye on the lad while he spoke; then, turning toward her sister, she said, with tender dignity,

"My nephew will no sooner be guilty of apostasy than we ourselves would!"

Within the past few moments, she had fully recognized, in her young relative, that sentiment of honor and respect for the traditions of the past, which was in itself a guarantee against denial of their religious dogmas to the Reformers, when even the faith for which they suffered had no very vital action within their hearts. She fully understood the present feelings of her nephew, because of the firm principle betrayed in it; which experience, rather than any warm ardor of attachment, had ever sustained her own courage and her constancy.

She had often, in communion with herself, and then contemplating others, sighed with a regret that had in it, for a passing moment, something like envy, that she did not possess, as did her sister Madeleine, her Cousin Gillome, or even M. Pâris himself, that depth of religious fervor which ever preserved a warm atmosphere of devotion around them.

"Well! they have an interior something, that I have not,—so much is certain,—an inward enthusiasm which never can be mine, I suppose." Then, as quick as the thought was born, would come its bright reply, as her mind rose to a more just and dignified estimate of herself: "If it must be so, let it be! But what can hinder me that I should not be as good a Reformer as they?"

Pitre left Rotterdam, in pursuance of his plan, on board one of his Cousin Pâris's ships, sailing for the first time under the Holland flag. He carried with him gifts

for his old grand-parents, for his uncle Jean, the wife and children,—as also for the unknown ones, buried in convent-life among their bigoted Roman Catholic guardians.

Suzanne and Madeleine both preserved with pious reverence their family peculiarities, and the elder had not quite renounced her fancy for converting her neighbors. She wrote to her brother Jean, and sent by the hand of Pitre:

"Never was surprise or grief greater than ours at this moment, when the boy Pitre is about to leave us. But of this we will not speak.

"You told us, a long time ago, that your son was learning mathematics. The sciences are always a good thing to know, although I do not believe they add much to one's capacity for earning a livelihood. And when his course is finished, then will he not go over to the Jesuits? Ought you to suffer it?

"If he takes this step, it will surely lead to another still worse, and to us it will prove a fresh heart-sorrow; for he is our nephew, as near to us by blood as Pitre.

"Happily, this latter, who brings you my letter, can have no occasion to go into situations so dangerous in order to learn his calling; for the Jesuits, wise as as they profess to be, have not half the knowledge of different languages as your nephew, and it is by this acquirement we hope he may soon be able to find a good position. We recommend him to your kind care, and to that of our sister-in-law, to whom he is charged to deliver the spiced bread and Holland gin which we send to her with our love.

"MADELEINE."

Pitre was commissioned, at the same time, to present durable stuff for a coat, destined for young Claas Basêrat, whom his aunts affectionately bore in mind, spite of the crime he had committed, in their eyes, of studying mathematics with the Jesuits. From the time he was seven years old, the little boy Claas had kept the books of commercial correspondence for his father, and was now applying his

mind to a more complicated branch of business, in the hope of bringing to the firm a new and more useful department.

"Claas is more steady, and thinks deeper at seven years of age, than Hans will when he gets to be twenty!" wrote Jean Basêrat to his sisters, in his usual querulous way.

Strange as it may seem, these Norman children all bore foreign names, having had their godfathers and mothers selected for them from their relatives living in Holland. It was, nevertheless, essential, in order to make the children French citizens, to baptize the newly born, according to Roman Catholic forms, which, however, they assured the Reformers, was considered simply a civic ordinance. On such occasions, the Church substituted Catholic servants, living in the families of the Reformers, or they even called in two straggling mendicants that might happen to stand at the door of the cathedral.

Every time that Gillome learned by letter of the birth of a child among her relatives in Caen, she looked with loving gratitude at her last daughter, the young Rachel, who had been baptized by the good pastor M. de Bosq, with free, untrammelled hands, and pure heart that knew no fear.

"If we have the misfortune to live far away from our dear kinsmen in Caen, and are in exile as well, we are at liberty to walk in the truth as we see it," often soliloquized the pious woman. At the bottom of her heart, warm as her attachment had never ceased to be toward her native land, there lay a secret blame, almost contempt, for those who had not summoned courage enough to break the links that bound them to France, for conscience' sake.

Then Gillome would reproach herself for what she considered a hard judgment of others, and a lack of Christian charity,—her spiritual pride, as she was pleased to call it, though in truth never was soul more lowly!

On the next sailing day, after these inward murmurings at her absent kinsfolk, the ship would leave port, conveying

playthings of most curious device, corals, games, and sweet *bonbons* for the "poor children brought up in France, who were obliged to submit, even from their cradles, to a yoke of service, that would become, every day they lived, more insupportable for them to bear!"

After the departure of Pitre for France, so greatly in opposition, not only to the advice of his aunts, but also that of the other cousins, M. and Madame Pâris, the heart of Martha, his only sister, sank at prospect of the loneliness that must necessarily fall upon them all at Rosebower. The house of her aunts, at best, was a silent and serious one, none of the Reformers, indeed, having brought from France any save the most austere habits, so that young girls to whom, in other circumstances, life might have been full of elastic joy, were reared in a monotonous routine of domestic labor and religious duty. Pleasure, or even recreation, had no place among them. In France, their own country, there had been the cheerful reunions among friends and families, excursions to shady parks or rural villages, guests coming and going from distant provinces, that brought an occasional gay festival to the pious households, spite of their demure ways. In Holland, on the contrary, the only change in Martha's quiet life must be found in the frequent visits, accompanied by her aunts, to the residence of their cousin, M. Pâris.

But even this placid enjoyment was henceforth to be mingled, overshadowed rather, by a deep sorrow.

The lovely Gillome, true friend, fond wife and mother, had perceptibly declined in health for many months previous to this time. Each day now increased her feeble state. She had known it herself long before any other had remarked upon this languor, and she had fully set her house in order.

"Now that my children are so nearly grown," she often said to herself, "and do not need the care of a mother as in their younger years, I can let myself rest in the hands of our Lord."

Her husband, engrossed as he was by

the complications of a maritime commerce, scarcely gave himself leisure to perceive the ravages of disease in his wife. How could one who always greeted his coming with a happy smile of welcome, and fond words of good cheer, be ill? No! M. Pâris did not see.

And the daughters, were young, and without experience,—how could they know? As for Phillis, she dared not breathe so dire a thing as imminent danger to one so beloved, even to herself. On a certain day, however, her trouble grew to proportions that could not keep silence any longer; and so it ended by her arresting the steps of Mesdames Basèrat, as they were leaving the mansion of their cousin, and curtly putting the question:

"How did you find Madame to-day?"

Suzanne stayed her progress onward, and cast a scrutinizing glance on the poor woman, with an evident endeavor to learn how much of the dread secret had been divined by the faithful servant. Phillis did not shed a tear as she thus questioned Suzanne, but planted her great feet and ankles yet more firmly on the stone landing, as if determined sturdily to resent any adverse opinion. Yet her trembling hand did not cease to tie and untie the corner of a handkerchief she held, in perceptible agitation.

"I fear she is going to die," answered Ma'm'selle Basèrat, with drooping, tearful eyes.

Phillis turned, with a brusque step, without a word, entered the kitchen, closed the door in a quick, sharp way; then wearily sank on her wooden seat, and bent her head under the terrible stroke, like an animal suddenly stricken by a sharp hatchet.

Only Madame Pâris saw Phillis on this evening, although it was late when she waited on her, and a dim twilight pervaded the room, when she came slowly out of her close retreat, with her face enveloped in a handkerchief.

"It is because I have bad teeth, that ache," she replied to her mistress's inquiry as to the cause of the muffling.

Gillome did not feel satisfied with the answer. Long scrutiny on the part of Madame Pâris had convinced her that Phillis's eyes were at length open to the swift-coming danger.

The gentle mistress of this household knew herself to be passionately beloved by this faithful domestic; so she waited until an hour, on the ensuing morning, when Phillis usually came to her apartment to receive orders for the day, to speak of that which lay so near her heart.

Until very lately, Madame Pâris had been the first on foot of all the house; when, descending to the kitchen, she would spend a busy half-hour in an oversight as to the state of the larder and domestic management in general. Now, such inspection had no place for any hour in the day. All that activity had passed away, and the peaceful invalid remained late within her upper room, Phillis carrying up her breakfast, which the mistress barely tasted as she still rested on her bed.

The tireless waiting-maid came softly forward on this calm morning, placed the small tray on the table by the side of her mistress, and was about turning away, when Gillome stretched out her hand and grasped that of the serving-woman, drawing her toward the couch.

"My dear friend, thou knowest how it is with me,—thou comprehendest it all?" said she, in a low whisper, looking at the same time steadily in the face of her humble friend.

Phillis averted her head, but answered, in broken, sobbing voice:

"Yes, yes; only too well. Do n't—do n't speak any more, dear lady!"

"But, Phillis, true, faithful friend and sister, I can and must open my heart to you now. Soon it will be too late. It is you who must now care for thy master and the children. Say that thou wilt never leave or forsake them, never cease thy watch over them, by going to live elsewhere. Promise me, old friend!"

Phillis laid hold of the tongs and poker, as if the fire required all her attention, brightening up the smoldering

coals in the grate; but not a word escaped her lips,—only a kind of suppressed moan.

"Thou dost not speak to me, Phillis, my woman; and yet thou knowest what a blessed comfort it is to be able to tell thee all. Ah, how it relieves my heart of its keenest anxiety!"

"Take me with you! O, take me with you!" was now the agonized cry of the devoted servant, just as she had said to her mistress in the old days, when Gillome explained to her their project of leaving Normandy.

The Madame smiled faintly as the almost frantic words of Phillis fell on her ear, and she murmured, in softest tone:

"In the place where I so soon am going, dear friend, God alone commands the voyagers!"

And then the distressed maid went out from the presence of her dying mistress. She had promised nothing,—she had not even made response to the overflow of heart-confidence poured into her ear by the cherished invalid; but the untiring watch of protection that she kept over the children, the redoubled care she threw around the father, anticipating his every need, were assurances stronger than speech, to Madame Pâris, of the full confidence she might place in the fidelity of her old domestic.

"What her two strong hands can do, I know will be done; and as for the rest, that belongs to our good Lord," Gillome often repeated to herself.

The family in the small dwelling now styled by all the refugees "Rose-bower," were at breakfast, a few mornings after the interview between mistress and maid in the sick chamber of Madame Pâris, Martha about to serve out the tea to her aunts,—this beverage, so popular in Caen with them, had rather increased in favor, and always made part of the more valuable gifts sent to their friends in France, its importation to Holland being a much larger traffic than in Normandy,—when Phillis rushed, at this early hour, into the dwelling, without apology, and almost without breath.

Suzanne tried to question her, but language seemed dead on the poor woman's tongue. Madeleine left the table in haste, divining trouble of some kind at her cousin's home; wrapped a mantle about her shoulders, and, throwing on a loose hood, followed the servant in silence. When they entered Gillome's sleeping apartment, she lay stretched on her low couch, wan, placid, resigned.

An hour before, while her second daughter stood assisting in the preparation of her mother's daily toilet, Gillome had been seized with spasms, so violent that a wild terror struck the heart of Rachel. It had long been her part of domestic duty thus to aid in the morn's robing of Madame Pâris, and always made up one of the most pleasant hours of the day to the young daughter. She found strength to lay the dear, convulsed form down on its usual resting-place; and then, with sobs and low cries, fled down the staircase for help.

Both hastened again to the upper room; but the quick feet of Phillis outran those of the young girl, and, reaching first the apartment, she sent out of it every one except her master.

"Do not let any person come up here," said she to the frightened children, who would fain have tarried; and, as one after another of the gentlemen with whom M. Pâris held daily interviews on commercial matters sought the private office of the merchant, each one experienced a surprise to find there a delicate young girl seated before the importer's desk, with red eyes and trembling hands, whose answer, in low, sweet cadence, was invariably the same:

"My mother is ill, Monsieur, and no one can see my father to-day."

When tranquillity succeeded in some measure the first overpowering fear and agitation, Phillis hastened to the home of Madeleine and Suzanne, to apprise them, as far as her tumult of grief would permit, of the great sorrow that was falling over them all. She paused on the way at M. de Bosq's to notify him also, in broken, unintelligible speech, of the dangerous

state in which she had just left his much-loved parishioner. The pastor followed the summons at once, and the three friends entered the now darkened, lonely apartment at the same moment. The experienced eye of M. de Bosq could not be deceived. He had stood too often on the sill of those doors whose rooms were portals to eternity, and well he knew that the time was indeed short for her who lay before them so languid, yet so calm.

"Peace be to this house!" was his solemn benediction, as he stood by the bedside of Gillome, lifting up his arms and eyes toward heaven. Then he took the emaciated hand of his dying friend, and spoke some gentle words of hope and courage to her always meek heart.

"Is there yet time for me, M. le Pasteur, once more to take the bread and drink the cup of my Savior?" she asked, raising her serene eyes to the minister's tearful ones.

M. de Bosq bowed his head in assent, and departed instantly in quest of the sacred service and emblems. The dying saint turned toward her Cousin Madeleine and, in a faint whisper, said:

"He will be very lonely, dear."

"No, not alone with his God," replied Madeleine, placing at the same time her arm about the fainting invalid.

"If he should wish, some day," continued Gillome, not heeding her cousin's answer,—*"if he should wish some day;"* and again she hesitated. . . "my children are yet young and need care. . . If he should ask you, Madeleine, to take their mother's place, you will not say no?"

She fixed her eyes in a suppliant way on her cousin. Mademoiselle Basèrat pressed the dear hands she held so tenderly, at first without reply, then she said:

"Nicholas will never marry again."

For an instant the woman and mother was in the ascendant at Madeleine's answer. Gillome closed her eyes with a little sigh of satisfaction, but, opening them as soon, she let the prayerful gaze rest once more on her cousin's face. Madeleine gave no more promise than

did Phillis; but with this one, also, the dying mother knew that her work and desire would be fully accomplished.

They raised Gillome to a half-reclining posture on large pillows, while around her bed stood an afflicted group of those who were nearest and dearest to her of all on this earth, to receive, for the last time together, the blessed communion of our Lord. Kneeling close at her side was the husband, plunged in a despair so deep and mute that scarce strength enough remained within him to join with his adored Gillome in that solemn feast of broken bread and consecrated wine, tendered to them by the grief-stricken pastor.

Madame Pâris extended her tremulous hand to M. de Bosq after the holy cere-

mony was finished, and pressed it to her lips. Then turning her dim eyes on M. Pâris, who had risen from his knees, and stood bending over the wasted form, she said, with inexpressible depth of love:

"Fold me once more in your arms, my dear one, those kind, protecting arms, as they have always been to me. It will be our last fond good-bye."

Soon her weary head drooped forward on her husband's breast, the eye-lids slowly closed, her sweet lips were forever sealed; and when M. Pâris raised himself from this parting embrace and kiss to his beloved, the one he held in his arms had escaped from every earthly bond, to her own country, even a heavenly. The mourner was left alone in his exile.

MADAME. DE WITT.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S WRITINGS.

THE time has passed when *all* novels are condemned by the religious world. We are learning to recognize the gifts of the poet, the artists, and the novelist as designed not to be idly laid aside in a napkin, but to be used reverently and earnestly in the Master's cause; and if the novelist, more than any other of earth's gifted ones, needs a strong incentive to a complete consecration of his God-given powers, he may find it in the fact of the many hearts who seem to have closed most of the avenues by which wise thoughts and holy aspirations may enter, while this one lies open and unimpeded.

But is there not danger that such views and feelings may interfere with the successful prosecution of novel-writing as a work of art? Will it not confine a writer to the narrow limits and artificial restraints of the technically religious novel? By no means. Does moral conscientiousness interfere with the painter's suc-

cess in an artistic point of view? Does it compel him to restrict himself to subjects technically recognized as sacred? Certainly not. It leaves him open to the gratification of all innocent emotions; he may paint a group of wild flowers, an idealized human face, a picturesque or sublime landscape, or he may indulge in the broadest caricature; but through it all, he must be careful that there is nothing to vitiate the taste, to lower the moral standard, or to weaken one's sense of reverence for that which has true dignity and holiness. Should he fail here, his mission as elevator ceases, the fine gold of his genius becomes dim, and he is recreant to the trust imposed in him. So with the novelist; with pen in hand he may make vivid word-pictures; he may depict natural scenery, till we seem to see it with our bodily eyes; he may make his ideal characters so live and move before us that to our inner consciousness they grow more real than

many of the people we meet in actual life; he may show their loves, their friendships, their guilty passions, and the agony of their repentances; he may make us weep or laugh just as he listeth; but in proportion to the greatness of his power shall be the measure of his responsibility; therefore, he must make no jest of that which should excite our reverence; he must, if he would be a moral power in the land, never confound our sense of right and wrong, but while depicting evil, he must always recognize it *as* evil, and good *as* good.

He must also remember that he is called upon to exercise his conscience in the choice of his subjects. Many things could be selected by the painter for pictorial delineation which would serve no end, moral or æsthetic. None but a depraved appetite, he instinctively knows, could view them with other than repulsive feelings. So there are spiritual conditions so morbid that only a vitiated moral sense can be gratified or created by the vivisections to which a novelist subjects them.

I am aware that it is late in the day to question the moral influence of Miss Brontë's writings. I know that they are sometimes placed by careful, fastidious mothers in the hands of their young daughters; that they take their place unchallenged on the shelves of circulating libraries, over which a rather rigid censorship is exercised; that, elegantly bound, they occupy posts of honor on center-tables, from which an acknowledged immoral book would be sedulously excluded; and yet, in the face of all these things, I question their moral tone, and earnestly ask, Who has ever felt quickened to a better life by their perusal? In what I am about to say, I confine my remarks mostly to "*Jane Eyre*," as the best known, and probably most powerfully influential of all her writings. And first, I call attention to the fact that there are but few Christian characters in the book. We are first introduced to a family, every member of which is repulsive. First, Mrs. Reed, who takes the orphan

child (her husband's niece), a holy trust committed to her care by her dying husband, and fulfills the letter of the bequest while systematically violating the spirit, giving long years after, on her death-bed, as a justification of her conduct, the assurance that she *hated* her. Throughout the whole life of Mrs. Reed down to a death-bed that is utterly repugnant to all our better feelings, we look in vain for one redeeming trait of character, unless we may consider as such the love she lavishes upon children whom she foolishly indulges and spoils, and from whom she wins no atom of filial affection. The other three members of the family, two daughters and a son, are not more lovable. The boy is a violent tyrant; the one girl, frivolous and vain of her beauty; the other, stern and harsh, with the singularly unchildlike trait of extreme penuriousness in a high state of development. There may possibly be such strangely unattractive families in the world, but most of us would want very strong inducements ere we would seek their acquaintance in real life. But the scene changes, and the little orphan leaves the house which has been no home to her, for the shelter of a boarding-school. Here we meet two really beautiful characters, Helen Burns and Miss Temple,—a gentle, gifted scholar, and a rarely sympathetic teacher. These two, their love for each other, and their conscientious discharge of difficult and distasteful duties, form the only pleasant, green oasis in the dreary desert of life at Lowood Institute.

Here looms up the first clergyman of the book, the most disagreeable specimen of a profession that fares badly at Miss Brontë's hands. I may remark, in passing, that the ministers she pictures are almost all hypocritical or ambitious or frivolous or violently egotistic, and many times these traits are all combined in the same luckless individual. But to return to Mr. Brocklehurst, the patron of Lowood Institute (which, by the way, is a charitable institution for orphans). The extent of his parsimony can only be

characterized by the expressive Saxon adjective, "stingy;" he is a Paul Pry, examines the stockings hanging on the clothes-line to see that the teachers make the pupils keep them in a creditable state of repair, and visits the laundry to see that the pupils are limited to a single tucker a week. When the scorched porridge has been sent away by the conscientious teacher because it is uneatable, and a lunch of bread and cheese served instead, he administers a reproof that, to a sensitive mind, borders on profanity:

"You are aware that my plan in bringing up these girls is not to accustom them to habits of luxury and self-indulgence, but to render them hardy, patient, self-denying. Should any little accidental spoiling of a meal occur, the incident should not be neutralized by replacing with something more delicate the comfort lost, thus pampering the body and subverting the aim of this institution; it ought to be improved to the spiritual edification of the pupils, by encouraging them to evince fortitude under the temporary privation. A brief address on these occasions would not be mistimed, wherein a judicious instructor would take the opportunity to refer to the sufferings of the primitive Christians, to the torments of martyrs, to the exhortations of our blessed Lord himself, calling on his disciples to take up their cross and follow him; to his divine consolations, 'If ye suffer hunger or thirst for my sake, happy are ye.' O, madam, when you put bread and cheese instead of burned porridge into these children's mouths, you may feed their vile bodies, but you little think how you starve their immortal souls!"

In the very same scene between Mr. B. and the teacher, we are treated to a view of his holy horror as he raises his hands at the sight of a girl with "curls!" a horror that is not allayed by assurance that the hair twines itself into natural ringlets.

"Naturally!" he says. "But we are not to conform to nature. I wish these girls to be the children of grace. That girl's hair must be cut off to-morrow. There

are others with too much of the excrescence," etc.

And while he talks, his wife and daughters enter the room (for it is their visiting day at Lowood) rustling with silks, gay with feathers, velvet, and furs, and with a profusion of elaborate curls! Appropriate commentary.

An act of cruel punishment, which wins him the hatred of our heroine, follows, and this day's visit to Lowood is at an end. He never reappears in a more winning light.

Bad food in insufficient quantity, malarial influences, etc., bring typhoid to Lowood, and there is but one bright spot on the record, the trusting, hopeful death of the gentle, much-tried Helen.

Years passed on, and Jane Eyre finds herself a governess. A beautiful house, with beautiful surroundings, is Thornfield Hall, her present home. A bright child, Adele, is her pupil; Mr. Rochester, the master of the home and the guardian of the little girl, is away, and a very quiet life apparently stretches before the three who now live together. Mrs. Fairfax, the housekeeper, Miss Eyre, the governess, and the little Adele. But the plot grows terribly intense in interest, the master returns, wins the love of the poor governess, woos her, and nearly consummates a match, which is only broken off at the altar by the strange information that the bride-groom has a wife, a raving maniac, sheltered under the very roof where they have all been living. So much by way of refreshing my reader's memory in the plot which many of us read years ago. It is the character and not the plot which just now engages our attention.

Why Mr. Rochester's wooing should have prospered at first is a mystery to many of us; all of Miss Brontë's strong men are domineering, they *command* love and secure it. When first introduced to Miss Eyre, he says, in a commanding tone, "Let Miss Eyre be seated;" and Miss Brontë adds, "there was something in the tone that seemed to say, 'What the deuce is it to me whether Miss Eyre

be there or not?" But Miss Eyre regards his "eccentricity" as "piquant." The man's dictatorial manner continues; he overlooks the drawings of his governess, saying, "Fetch me your port-folio if you can vouch that its contents be original; but don't pass your word unless you are certain. I can recognize patch-work."

He alludes to the little girl, her scholar. "I am not fond of the prattle of-children. . . . It would be intolerable for me to pass the whole evening *tête-à-tête* with a brat." Alluding to the gentle old lady, his housekeeper, he says, "I do not particularly affect simple-minded old ladies." A few evenings later, Miss Eyre describes a rather different mood, "less stern and gloomy;" "a sparkle in his eye, probably from wine." Instance after instance of a dictatorial manner, which would become intolerable to most women, only fascinate Miss Eyre and make the odious man an interesting study to her.

Ugly in person, unpleasant in manners, perhaps there was something in his past life, that, when he chose to confide it to her, won her pity, and thus her love. Let us see: at first he speaks enigmatically of a "gush of bilge-water that had turned his life to fetid puddle;" he speaks of himself as being "hackneyed in all the poor, petty dissipations with which the rich and worthless try to put out life." Then follow more circumstantial details. The reader will remember that the following confession is made by an innocent, pure-minded girl of eighteen:

"Adele," he says, "is the daughter of a French opera-dancer for whom I once conceived a 'grande passion.'" The whole history of the intrigue, of the jealousy aroused by the discovery that she is faithless, is poured into Jane's ear, and she listens and occasionally questions. Shall I transcribe some of the details? The world calls it a *moral* book. Why should I not?

"Opening the window, I walked in upon them, gave Celine notice to vacate the hotel, furnished her a purse for present exigencies, disregarded screams, hysterics, prayers, protestations, convulsions.

Next morning I had the pleasure of encountering him; left a bullet in his poor etiolated arm, feeble as the wing of a chicken in the pip, and then thought I had done with the whole crew. . . . Some six months before, she had given me this fillette Adele, who, she affirmed, was my daughter. . . . I acknowledged no natural claim on the part of the child to be supported by me, for I am not her father; but hearing that she was quite destitute," etc.

His manner changes, grows generally more cordial, "still imperious," but "'t was his way;" the courtship is a "fierce" one; the unsuspecting bride is led to the altar, there to find the banns forbidden, and to hear the unwelcome truth of a wife still living. Listen to the seducing words this strange man uses, when he insists that Jane shall still share his life, though so fatal a bar exists to the legal solemnization of their union. Jane has refused.

Now for the hitch in Jane's character. Like a reel of silk it had run smoothly, but here comes the tangle. . . . More solicitations. "'Jane! will you hear reason?—he stooped and approached his lips to my ear—because if you won't, I'll try violence.'"

Jane quits him and flees from him, but not till he has made this plea in extenuation of his actions: he is describing "the character of *that* woman, and the circumstances attending his *infernal* union with her." His father had arranged the marriage because it was a wealthy alliance. "Her relatives encouraged me; competitors piqued me; she allured me; a marriage was achieved almost before I knew where I was." And yet this brave hero was a man in years at the time of this marriage which afterward became so hateful to him! "I was dazzled, stimulated, my senses were excited, and being raw and inexperienced, I thought I loved her. What a pigmy intellect she had, and what giant propensities! . . . I knew that while she lived I could never be the husband of another and better woman, and yet her

body was stout in proportion as her mind was infirm. . . . Madness came on, superinduced by her own excesses."

And this man, legally bound to another one, stands by the side of her he had attempted to deceive, and whom he still urges to a life in foreign countries where she shall be known as his wife, and details even more shameful connections than the one with which she is already familiar; he tells of an Italian mistress, and of a German one, and now nothing will satisfy his nature's need and lift him up to a higher plane but a life (albeit it must be an illegal one) with the petite English girl whose love he has won. And yet these revelations, and the base attempt to deceive her, do not remove the glamour her love has cast over him. She resists his entreaties. She quiets his violent threats, eludes his vigilance, and escapes him. Later on in the book we have another stern commanding man with manners as imperious, but with a purer record, than Mr. Rochester. He, Mr. St. John, is *one* of her best types, if not the best, of a devoted minister of the Gospel, and yet he is obnoxious. He sacrifices the woman he loves and who loves him to a stern sense of what he conceives to be duty; he urges marriage with a woman whom he makes no pretense of loving, because he believes her adapted to the life he has marked out for himself, a life which is a grotesque mixture of worldly ambition and religious devotion. But I forbear to make further extracts; and only ask, What is the influence upon the reader of the perusal of this strange book? Does it refresh and rest him? Rather, does he not rise from it dazzled by its genius, charmed with its rare descriptive passages, excited by the rapid transitions and terrible situations in the plot, and yet feeling that he has been dragged through filth, that some portion of the terrible "bilge-water" has been injected into his life, that he has been eating forbidden fruit and has gained a knowledge of evil? In short, is it not a book that leaves "a bad taste in the mouth?"

I have already alluded to the fact that the moral character of Miss Brontë's writings is now comparatively unquestioned; and yet at first this was not the case. Lying before me is a copy of an English magazine containing a review of this first book, while the author's name and sex were still a secret. The writer argues, not only from the masculine style, but from the writer's acquaintance with so much of evil, that it was the production of a man. The book was generally denounced as "bad." Miss Brontë knew of this; she was not surprised when Thackeray said to her: "Miss Brontë, we have one point in common. The world accuses us both of having written bad books."

It is not at all unusual for a writer's genius to remain unnoticed for many years after he has ventured to publish his thoughts, though he finally may win an audience and recognition. Hawthorne will occur to many minds as an illustration of this; others there are whose productions are not unnoticed, but their genius denied, and a storm of obloquy poured upon their methods, and yet they may patiently bide their time and find the verdict reversed and themselves crowned with laurels. Such was Wordsworth's fate. But when contemporary critics condemn the moral tone of writings, whose magnetic power no one disputes, the verdict is rarely reversed, posterity pronounces it correct, and the book is read stealthily, if at all, and soon sinks into oblivion. But this is not the case with the writer under review.

We turn from the old criticisms in stately quarterlies which said the "general tendency of the book is to show that all Christian profession is bigotry, all Christian practice hypocrisy." We turn from the old charge of "extreme coarseness," to find Charlotte Brontë's name a household word, to find young American women, when traveling in Europe, making, with something of a pious feeling, pilgrimages to the shrines her genius has consecrated. The solution of all this must be, that we have learned to love the

woman when her sad life has been revealed to us, and so have forgiven the author's faults.

Surely few human lives that have ever found a biographer are fuller of pathos than that of Charlotte Brontë. When a great modern preacher,* after telling of the "men and women waiting in the market-places in all sorts of ways, watching for the coming of the master to set them to work," casts about him for an illustration, he can find none more fitting than this "shrinking, timid, near-sighted woman, among the Yorkshire hills, saying to herself, What shall I do?" He has spoken of the "weary, patient eyes," "the hungry look," "the tingle and beat in nerve and brain," "the eager wistfulness and readiness in the faces of the waiters," and in none of those he selects as typical of this weary, expectant waiting, do we find all the signs meet as in her. "It has been a long sore trial to wait and watch as she has done. In her life-time she has known not a few of her own age who have already solved that problem; some are wedded and happy in their homes; others have found their true places, as teachers, writers, or artists, and are already crowned with honor. This woman has had great sorrows and sore losses, and her day is wearing on into the afternoon; still she has heard no voice bidding her go work in the vineyard. There is a letter written to Wordsworth† while she stands there in the market-place waiting for the master, that is, in my opinion, the most pathetic cry ever heard in our life-time. 'Sir,' she says, 'I earnestly entreat you to read and judge what I have sent you. From the day of my birth to this day I have lived in seclusion here among the hills, where I could neither know what I was nor what I could do. I have read, for the reason that I have eaten bread, because it was a real craving of nature, and have written on the same principle. But now

I have arrived at an age when I must do something. The powers I possess must be used to a certain end, and, as I do not know them myself, I must ask others what they are worth; there is no one here to tell me if they are worthy; and if they are worthless, there is none to tell me that. I beseech you to help me.' What she sends to Wordsworth then is poor; she has written many volumes, all poor; has waited in the market-place and done no work; but at last the master walking there, sees her wistful face turned toward him, and says, 'Go into my vineyard.' Then she bends over some small folded sheets of coarse paper till her face almost touches them, and in one book she storms the heart of England and America, and in the one hour that was left her she 'won her penny.'"

Following this strange life, we forget to ask the value of the "penny" she won. We see the crotchety father, who, from principle, feeds his children exclusively on potatoes; who, horrified at what seems to him the sinfulness of worldly conformity burns "the pretty red shoes of the baby," and cuts his wife's silk dresses to pieces; we follow the little motherless group at their strangely precocious occupations, grow so indignant at the account of the Cowan Bridge School that we can almost forgive any exaggeration in the caricature to which she afterwards subjects it under the title of Lowood Institution; we grieve for the survivors after Maria's happy release; strive in vain to fathom the character of the enigmatical Emily; but our feelings rise to something akin to horror when the only brother, the talented and idolized Branwell, shows himself as an incarnate fiend. We no longer wonder at the strange knowledge of evil which Jane Eyre reveals when we hear of the infamous confessions which Branwell pours into his sister's ears,—confessions which the biographer but hints at, but which reappear in Charlotte's writings in all their prurient details. We find that the foul blasphemies they hear, are supposed by these girls, living a life of isolation, unused to the world's ways,

*Robert Collier, of Chicago, in "The Life That Now Is."

†Was not the letter addressed to Southey?

to be but common accompaniments of genius. We see the sister composing "Jane Eyre" when Branwell is at his worst; and we no longer wonder that these girls shut up in seclusion among the hills, and to the lonely life of a country clergyman's daughters, should be so familiar with strange forms of guilt; they painted vice unblushing and rampant, because as such they saw it in the "only man, except their father, with whom they were brought into close contact, whose minds they could read." All three of the girls wrote books; but the "Tenant of Wildfell-Hall," by Anne, and "Wuthering Heights," by Emily, unredeemed by the rare genius of Charlotte, and blotted by her faults of coarseness, soon sunk into oblivion.

Thus admitted to the private life of this much suffering woman, is it strange that when we learn that a suggestion of evil is the one thing that pains her in the criticisms of her works, the last drop to the cup of bitterness she is called to drink,—is it strange, that critics grow sympathetic, drop their objections, and dwell rather upon that which admits of praise? Who could resist such an appeal as this, written by the author herself, which I copy from an old number of the *Christian Remembrancer*, dated July, 1857?

"HAWORTH, NEAR KEIGHLY, YORKSHIRE, }
July 8, 1853.

"To the Editor of the *Christian Remembrancer* :

"SIR,—I think I can not be doing wrong in calling your attention to a few remarks respecting an article which appeared in the *C. R.* for April. I mean an article noticing 'Villette.'

"When first I read that article, I thought only of its ability, which seemed to me considerable; of its acumen, which I felt to be penetrating, and I smiled at certain passages from which evils have since arisen so heavy as to lead me to revert to their origin. . . .

"The passage to which I particularly allude characterizes me as an 'alien, it might seem, from society and amenable to none of its laws.' . . .

"Who my reviewer may be I know not, but I am convinced he is no narrow-minded person nor unjust thinker. . . . [Here follows a long explanation in regard to the circumstances of her life.] Will you kindly show this note to my reviewer? Perhaps he can not now find an antidote for the poison into which he dipped the shaft he shot at me, but when again tempted to take aim at other prey, let him refrain his hand a moment till he has considered consequences to the wounded, and recalled the Golden Rule.

"I am, sir, yours respectfully,

C. BRONTE."

But life grows broader to Miss Brontë; the literary world opens its arms to receive her; the horror drops out of her own home, for Branwell dies. For her sake, we thank God for the lucid interval, the few days ere life departs, when natural affection reasserts itself, and the sworn, burdened man is the loving brother again. With fresh experiences of men, she draws purer ideals. "Shirley" is a better book; and yet, does it invigorate? Do we feel that we are in the atmosphere of breezy, moral heights? Is the book a tonic? Alas! no. The trail of the serpent is still perceptible. I have no space to deduce illustrations; I only give the general impression. But there was a purifying influence at work.

We all know the history of George Sands' novels,—at first, so impure that only their rare genius enabled them to live; but toward the last, gentle, pure tales to which the sternest moralist needs offer no objection, and not only thus negatively good, but with a positive element which moved the reader to holier purposes and higher aspirations.

Such, we feel sure, must have been Miss Brontë's career had it not been cut short by death. Peace to her memory. Remembering that no criticism hurt her but those which struck at the *moral* quality of her work, we yet feel sure that with her large brain and good heart, the time would have come when she herself would have condemned those first attempts.

V. C. PHCÆBUS.

THE NEWS WHICH CAME TO ASHER'S.

THE cattle stood up to their knees in the creek, and every bird in the woods sat silent or whirled about in a languid, discouraged way, it was such boiling Summer weather. The men were afraid of sunstroke, and would not go back to their threshing before two o'clock, in spite of Job Asher's exhortations. Both great doors of the barn were open, and some lounged on the floor in a pleasant breeze, while others lingered on the east porch of the house, or even explored the prim dark parlor. Thirteen strong voracious threshers were quartered for the day, and perhaps for several days,—the length of their stay depending on the amount of grain to be thrashed and the durability of the machine,—at Job Asher's. They had eaten a huge dinner, and there was only one woman to wait on them all. She was not standing in the cool creek along with the happier cattle, at that time of day, I warrant you, nor resting herself in such air as might be stirring, after the morning's labor of cooking for her army. While the men lounged and Job Asher fretted, his sallow, sad wife went stooping around her kitchen, washing the dishes, and preparing things for supper. Really it seemed that her vitality must be exhausted at the next step, but she knew she should keep on walking and working like a machine until all which was required of her was finished. She had long survived that period when she could find any pleasure in accomplishing tasks or the thrift to which her husband exhorted her. Poor Mrs. Asher was a broken spring—a stretched out bit of elastic. She wished Jule were there. If Jule had gotten home in time for the threshing, she should n't have had it so hard. Jule sort of rested her, just by being in the house! She really smiled slowly, and with a wan glistening of the face, as she thought of her bounding, ruddy seventeen year old girl. Jule meant to get home, but school was not out until that

very day, and the child's father did not want her to miss any of the advantages which cost him so much cash.

Mrs. Asher recollected, as she rubbed the dishes off, how long she and the dear girl had besieged the father for the privilege of that one year at boarding-school, and how reluctantly he consented. Julia went away the September before. She had been gone nine whole months, during which time they had not seen her face. It is doubtful whether Julia would ever have seen the inside of a boarding-school had not Pettibone been sending his girls to one; and whatever Pettibone did, Job Asher was bound either to contest or outdo. There was a feud between the two farmers, which began with some sheep and dogs when they were young men just getting a foothold on the soil of which both now owned so many acres. In those days Pettibone had called Job Asher a "wooden-headed skinflint," and Job Asher had called Pettibone "a puffed up booby," and they had lived their neighborly lives, keeping up mutual annoyances ever since. If Pettibone favored a preacher, Job Asher set his face against that innocent man. If Job Asher was put forward for agricultural honors of any kind, Pettibone sneered at him all the time he was discharging his duties. The Pettibone girls and Jule Asher quarrelled at district-school. Mrs. Asher and Mrs. Pettibone never dared to become friendly at social meetings; but in their later years, both the overworked women, who felt they were being pushed down to the grave long before their natural time, thought how foolish the disagreement between their families was, and perhaps in Sunday afternoon prayer-meetings they said kind, encouraging texts especially for each other. Not thus was it with Job Asher and Pettibone; if Asher made a prayer, he did so beg the Almighty to bring down the stiff-necked and the proud, and to show them the

judgments of Sinai, that Pettibone at once felt called on to rise, puff out his portly person, and deliver himself in pertinent remarks on the subject of people's making so little progress in spiritual life, and remaining in their first narrowness and meanness!

Pettibone prospered in a better way than did Job Asher. He made his home comfortable, and it became quite a thoroughfare of hospitality. He handled stock, and took shares in banks, and became quite the great patriarchal father of the soil. Job Asher, on the other hand, set out with a greedy hunger for land. He lived in the same old house his forefathers occupied, and added no improvements. He allowed his wife no help, and kept down the social and refining wants of both wife and daughter. He was always "land poor." It was harder to cajole five-dollars from his pocket than to earn five times that amount at hod-carrying. Pettibone's ways were not his ways; yet he was not going to let Pettibone carry a high hand over him; he did n't choose to spend and not spare, but his daughter would sometime ride over the thrifless Pettibones, and she should be educated as well as they were. So she was allowed to go to boarding-school, but in a way which made her the butt of the Pettibone girls, and taxed her proud spirit more than she would ever tell. Job Asher would pay the exorbitant school bill,—and she might have extras if the Pettibone girls did,—but clothes were another matter. Clothes were a fleeting and evanescent vanity—Job Asher aimed at the solid. Julia Asher went through her collegiate year clad worse than any other girl in the institution, and stinted and mortified in every way. But she had a brave, sensible nature, and taking hold of her advantages, she tried to live in them, and forget her mortifications. But who likes, especially at seventeen, to be an oddity and a sort of pariah? Times were when her life was a burden in spite of all the long desired advantages. But she found a friend in Charley Pettibone, an unex-

pected ally even in the midst of the enemy's camp.

Charley Pettibone was the oldest son of the family, and had been a year or two at college,—a college for both young men and young women,—before his sisters came. Jule Asher's calico and rough boots first attracted his attention from very elegant and befrizzled young ladies who were her classmates. Her apt recitations and questioning mind made her a comrade for him. He had been brought up to think little of the Ashers; yet he beheld one of the class who challenged not only his respect but his admiration. Julia was a child; he felt quite a man; and, therefore, when he found her one evening in the dusky chapel crying passionately over some mortification, and as passionately determined to endure it without asking her father to do any thing more for her, he undertook to console her. He leaned against the window while Jule dried her eyes, and delivering himself of his own and his father's opinion, declared,

"It's a shame! your father has n't any idea of the decencies of life, Jule!"

It was the clan call. Julia straightened herself.

"I said I was silly enough to cry because Nora Dickinson had no better breeding than to laugh about my everlasting calico, and I did n't mean to ask father for any thing more. But I did n't dispute my father's judgment in putting me in calico, did I?"

"Well, you know he is stingy," urged Charley, uneasily, finding himself in the predicament of having his sympathies thrown back on his hands.

"Well, I'm thankful he has n't the faults of some other people," retorted the Asher.

"I do n't think my father's perfect," proceeded Charles; "and I must say, I do n't see why the two families have to bicker always."

And returning to the subject at intervals, the young man eventually found out that two members, at least, of the rival families, need never differ any more.

They grew to be quite of one mind. They consulted frequently on hard questions in mathematics; they had something to say on the languages—and perhaps in a language—to each other. The affair grew right up before the Pettibone girls—before they could believe their eyes; but when they did believe their eyes, they wrote home to father, and by that time vacation had come.

Pettibone had threshers at his house on that hot day when the letter came, stating explicitly that Charley owned to being engaged to "that Asher girl." One of his men brought the mail, and the round farmer read this bit of news after a delightful dinner, which in nowise mollified him. Threshing at Pettibone's was not a labor to disturb the flow of family life. There was an abundant table and the usual army of laborers, but a cook and her assistant shared the trial with Mrs. Pettibone, whose only desire was to get through with this necessity of farm-life, and have the house in order before "the girls" came home; the girls who were going East with a party of school-mates for a few weeks, to return and flood the place with company until September. Her overwork was a different kind from Mrs. Asher's, and perhaps carried more pleasure with it, but was overwork all the same.

"It'll be a very easy matter to settle Charles." Pettibone was angry, but in a lofty and benevolent way which became a man of his avoirdupois and influence. He would just meet Charles at the depot and have a talk with him; there would be a good opportunity, for the girls were not coming home, and they would have the carriage to themselves. Charles was his eldest and his pride. He would send the young man East for awhile until he overcame this fancy. He did n't know though but it would be better to let the boy see that Asher set at home; *that* would cure him! Pettibone left his threshers to attend to their business, and drove slowly away toward the station to meet the train. It was a very hot day; he was inclined to get along slowly, and

as he passed the lane leading up to the Asher's, it occurred to him to go in and have a word with Job. If Job's girl had any designs on Charles, he would have it out with Job himself.

Asher's men had gotten reluctantly up to resume their labors, and he was perspiring with an inward fire of haste as great as the outward heat of the sun. Job Asher was a lean, brown, sharp-eyed man, and Pettibone looked at him with all his old dislike intensified. Mrs. Asher, hearing carriage-wheels, came to the door and looked out eagerly; the eagerness died out of her face, and she shrunk back hiding her soiled apron as she saw her neighbor. She thought Jule had come from the train. Her husband had no time to go after the child to-day. He said some of the neighbors could bring her over, and he would get her trunk home some time when he went to town with grain. He was too busy to take out a team just to bring her in. She had been gone nine months, and her mother's heart was almost breaking to see her, and her mother's back was literally breaking for the relief her willing young hands would bring. But threshing is one thing and women are another. Of the two subjects, Job Asher was most devoted to threshing.

"Hullo, Job!" said Pettibone, drawing his lines, and giving his neighbor a curt nod.

"Well, Pettibone," replied Asher, coming forward with ill-will in every line of his hard face, and chaff from the grain covering him. He carried a wooden rake in one hand, and tried to look the contempt he felt for the man riding in his carriage.

"Hot day, is n't it?"

"Yes, powerful hot. Threshing to-day up your way?"

"Been at since five. I'm just going over to the train now to meet my boy."

"Comin' from school, eh? I expect my girl to-day, but I hain't got time to look after her. I've got to look after her sustenance and providin' for her future; so I can't afford to loll around in

carriages and let my farm go to the dogs, just now."

"If you mean to intimate that my farm's going to the dogs," said Pettibone, his black eyes snapping, "I can assure you I ain't intending to let you have it. You're always standing with your mouth open ready to snap up any piece of land around. I'd rather see my family decently circumstanced, if I was you, than to be heapin' up what I could n't take with me."

"You can't take nothing you've got with you, I bet," exclaimed Asher, hotly. "And for all the airs of some people in this neighborhood, my daughter will be better fixed than any of them—after while."

"She's her father child," said Pettibone with a sneer. "Looking out for the future and sparing no pains to help herself to all she can. Do you know, sir," cried the fat farmer, giving way to the wrath boiling within him, "that your girl has got my boy to promise to marry her?"

The lean farmer struck his rake on the ground.

"That is n't so, sir. My daughter would n't take up with none of the Pettibone set!"

"I tell you it is so, sir; and it's got to be stopped!"

"And I tell you, sir, that your son can't have my daughter; and if he comes 'round here I'll set the dogs on him."

"Set the dogs on my son, sir! I'll horse-whip you if you do, sir!"

"Get off my place, sir!"

There was a pause in the threshing, and the threshers, winking and nodding to each other, drew nearer this conference.

"You're a contemptible, narrow-souled snail," hurled Pettibone, perspiring plentifully, as he began to turn his horse's head; "you're in the same little shell that your grandfather started in. If a son of mine ever dared mention to me that he wanted to marry your girl, I'd cut him off without a cent; so that's your warning, sir. Tell her that she'll

get nothing by that transaction, if she tries to carry it out."

"And your warning, sir, is the same old warning," shouted Asher. "Your dog came and killed my sheep once, and the whole tribe of you have been trying to prey on me ever since. Your dog'll be shot like that un was afore, so keep the puppy at home."

"That's a way for Church brethren to commune!" observed one thresher to another.

Pettibone started out of the farm-yard gate, even his sorrel horse seeming to shake the Asher dust off his hoofs, but the way was blocked by a messenger bringing a warning different from those which the two men had been sending to each other. This was Abijah Pence; his nag was dripping, and the tall, lean colt behind it looked but the spirit of a colt.

"My gracious!" cried Abijah Pence, shaking two fingers at the farmers, "have n't you heard the news?"

Now, Abijah being always as full of news as a walnut is of meat, nobody felt startled by this introduction; but when he proceeded, Pettibone drew his lines with a spasmic grip, and Asher ran up and down like an insane man.

"The two-twenty train from the East off the track down here—hundreds of passengers smashed in the wreck—a burning axle caused it—and the whole on fire!"

"What are you saying, Abijah Pence?" called Pettibone, hoarsely. "That's the train my son's on!"

"That's the train my daughter's on!" cried Asher, jerking one of the horses insanely. "unhitch this beast this minute. The threshing'll have to wait, men. I've got to go over there, and see to my daughter!"

"What's the matter?" cried Mrs. Asher, coming down to the barn lot, with her kitchen sun-bonnet on.

Pettibone had lashed his horses; but he paused and stood up in his carriage.

"Get in with me, both of you," he called, his face white and stiff. "Get in Job Asher; our children's burning to

death, if they ain't mangled corpses already. There 's no use quarreling about *them* now."

The lean farmer, without a word, helped his half-fainting wife into his enemy's carriage, and his hickory shirt-sleeve rubbed Pettibone's frantic elbow as it urged the galloping horse to the scene of the disaster. Job Asher was a mean, miserable man, but he *was* a man, as God knew. His jaws were set like iron, while poor Pettibone's plumper face worked spasmodically.

"Pears like you could make more speed if we was out, neighbor Pettibone," he said, humbly. "I do n't want to hinder you."

"O, do n't speak of that," begged Pettibone; "do you think I could leave you behind, and go on to see my son, and your little girl, maybe, cryin' to you all the time?"

"Oh, my Julia!" wailed Mrs. Asher, rocking herself and wringing her hard hands. "The kindest, lovin'est child that ever was born! 'O, mother,' she says in her letter, 'I'm getting the good education, but I'll be so glad when the holidays come, so I can come home and help you. I'm afraid you work too hard, mother,' says she. Lord, how can I give up my child? O, Lord, lay not this burden on thy tired, tired handmaid! Oh, my child, my child!"

"She was mine, too, mother," put in Job Asher, hoarsely.

"And mine, in a measure," said Pettibone, "if my boy was wantin' to marry her. She *was* a likely, fine little girl. My boy was a fine boy, too."

"That he was," assented Job Asher. "As bright and forward a young man as I ever see. Do you s'pose there 's any hope that they may be saved? Abijah Pence loves his tall stories so."

Pettibone lashed his galloping horse afresh.

"I was in a railroad wreck once," said he. "It 's a chance if they escape; but the wreck bein' on fire!"

They dashed on at a furious rate.

When they reached the scene of terror,

the poor, panting animal was ready to stand of his own accord; and the three distracted people ran around seeking their children. A crowd had already gathered; men were trying to force open the heaped up cars with axes and crow-bars. The train was thrown into a dry ravine, known in that neighborhood as Black Lick. The buried engine fired the rest of the heap. Job Asher looked down and saw a swimming panorama of men panting up the bank with helpless and groaning shapes in their arms; of long cars, half-shattered, half-bent; he heard shouts and yells and the long *s-s-s* / of escaping steam, the roar of ascending fire, and he felt its terrible heat. Pale, yellow tongues of flame were gathering color and volume. Mrs. Asher hung to Job's arm, trembling in every limb and shrieking with all her remaining strength. The capable and energetic farmer, who always wanted the head and direction of every business, was dazed and half-senseless. He followed Pettibone's lead when Pettibone dashed down the bank among the rescuers, and he found himself chopping and shouting with the rest; but through every yellow sheet of flame, through every panel of the smoking carriages, he seemed to see his dear girl's face reproaching him. "Yes, it's too late now, father," her silent voice said. "I'm lost to you. You can't do any thing for me any more. I know you were living for me, but you made my life just as hard as if you were living against me. What good does all your pinching and stinting do now? You have more land than any man in the county; but you bought it with mother's comfort and mine."

Of course Julia Asher would never have spoken so to her father; she was too loyal to him for that; but the farmer's conscience, still taking the dying girl's face and voice, continued to reproach him.

"You had 't time to bring me home, father," it continued; "you had the threshers to attend to. But God had time, though he had the universe to attend to."

Nearly fifty persons were brought out,

but not one of the agonized faces was familiar to either of the farmers. At last the smoke and heat drove all the workers back.

"We can't do any thing for 'em if there is any more inside," said a man who was singed and bleeding from his reckless exertions. "They 're dead 'fore this time. They dispatched for a relief train to Norwalk; it'll be on hand in a minute. I wonder how many passengers there were!"

"I was looking out of a window," explained a passenger, who had one of his eyes bound up and half his whiskers burned away, "when I noticed the air became literally filled with chips. I knew it was a broken axle cutting the ties, and scarcely a minute afterward, we were precipitated down that gulch."

Pettibone and Asher turned away from this talk and walked up and down, the fat man wiping his white face and the lean man clenching his hands.

"They 're dead," said Pettibone. "No power on earth could save 'em. My son that I was so proud of."

"My girl—all I had," muttered Job.

Mrs. Asher sat on the ground, her desolate head on her knees.

"We 're nigh together in affliction," said Pettibone to his enemy.

"God have mercy on us both!" uttered Asher.

"O God, our hearts are broke!" exclaimed the more impulsive man, stretching out his empty arms under the burning sky. "This punishment is more than our weak flesh can bear!"

The two men got hold of each other's hands and held on, their natural antagonism banished for the time by a common woe.

"You have more grace than I have, brother Pettibone. I'm a hard sinner. I've never made no progress, and now I can't lean on the Almighty in this affliction."

"No, brother Asher, I'm a heady, self-willed creature. I ain't ready to give my son up."

"Well, father," said a sweet, deep

basso voice near by, "were you frightened about us?"

Mrs. Asher lifted her head and saw Julia standing there holding to a young man's arm. The farmers were too astonished to speak.

"Were you frightened, father?" repeated Charley Pettibone. "How do you do, Mr. Asher? Mrs. Asher, I've brought Julia back safe and sound."

"Where 'd you come from?" asked Job Asher, shaking his daughter's hand in a limp way, and kissing her as if ashamed of the act. But Pettibone embraced his son like a woman, and thumped him on the back, and wiped his own nose, and praised the Lord as fervently as did Mrs. Asher, who held her child until a conveyance could be gotten which would take them all back together.

"Where have you been to escape this disaster, you lively rascal!" cried Pettibone, affectionately, to Charley, while brother Asher, with startling disregard for expense, was seeing about the conveyance.

"Well, I persuaded Julia to run off and marry me; but she repented being so persuaded, and declared we would come home and marry properly, or not at all. But while we were deciding and repenting we missed the train and had to take the next."

"And so saved each other," laughed Pettibone. "I heard of your behavior, young man. Now, do n't you think you 'd better step up to the young lady's father, and ask for her like a gentleman? She's proved herself to be worth some pains, sir."

"Well, I don't know, I don't know," said Job Asher, pliant and gentle as a willow, as he drove the team home; and his wife, Pettibone, and Julia rejoiced and talked happily behind him, and Charles on the seat beside him propounded the important question.

"The mornin's been full of mercy. The Lord's finger's in many things that we can't see. If you and her had n't fancied to marry and cut that freak, we 'd 'a lost ye both to-day. She's young, but

you're a likely boy. Yes, I'm willin' if your father is. Your father's a man with grace in his heart more'n I ever got. Brother Pettibone," said Job, turning to his neighbor, "I've been thinkin' of buildin' some of these new kinds of pens for my sheep. Do you think I'll find 'em worth the expense?"

"Well, yes, brother Asher, I think they'll prove perfectly satisfactory. I like mine first rate. I have n't suffered any from the dogs since I've used that pound."

"O, I did n't think any of your dogs ever hurt my stock," said Job. "There's always ill-favored stray curs hangin' round to pester sheep. Well, brother Pettibone, I'd like your advice about getting them pounds made. Seems like we had a common *interest* now, the way these young folks is talkin'."

"That's so," replied brother Pettibone, smilingly.

And the young folks knew that the old family feud had been burned up in the fires at the railroad wreck, and that their cause was won.

"How things have changed between Asher's folks and Pettibone's folks," said Abijah Pence to the threshers as those

heavy Arabs struck their noisy tent to glide into the next neighborhood. "Ever since I took that news of the railroad mishap to Asher's, they can't be good enough to each other. Mis's Pettibone and Mis's Asher runnin' across the field to see each other, and consultin'; and Pettibone down at Asher's, bossin' sheep-pens; and Jule over at Pettibone's walkin' with Charley, and Job Asher sendin' to town for dress goods and furniture, and takin' kindly to Pettibone's notions of a wing to his old house,—why it does beat all! Well, 'let brotherly love continue!'"

And brotherly love did continue. A little yielding to established prejudices, a little graceful acknowledgment of another's good judgment, a less obstinate putting forward of "I" and "mine," and a common faith in and brotherhood under God, bridged over the old quarrel between these men, and made them hearty helpers and appreciators of one another. The news which came to Asher's, though it came clothed terribly, was good news of brotherly love; news of being kind, one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, "even as God for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you."

MARY HARTWELL.

A SKETCH OF PHILOSOPHY.

PERHAPS there never was a higher expression of worldly wisdom than those two words "Know thyself." Yet we are placed in a world of such interesting mysteries; so many wonders of sea, earth, and sky claim our attention, that we are loth to leave this macrocosm, open to sensation and perception, for the microcosm *ego*,—that complex entity, at the same time the observer and the thing observed.

"Man," says Pascal, "is to himself the greatest prodigy in nature; for he is unable to conceive what is body, still less

what is mind; but least of all is he able to conceive how a body can be united to a mind."

Although in the study of this great mystery we are shut out, as it were, from our fellow-men, in that we are unable to profit by their experience, and obliged to take nothing that does not come directly from consciousness; though we are unable at the time to analyze the thought, feeling, or desire, and dependent upon memory for the *data*; perplexed and confused though we may be by reason of our limited capacities and hopeless ignorance,

we can not exempt ourselves from the task. From our very mental constitution it is a necessity for us to philosophize. Wonder and that "unspeakable desire to see and know," that Milton writes of, prompt us to examine things; to reflect and to arrange our acquired knowledge according to unity.

Philosophy is a term of Greek origin, and means literally the love of wisdom. Hamilton says, "There are two kinds or degrees of knowledge. The first is the knowledge that a thing is, *rem esse*; and it is called the knowledge of the fact, historical or empirical knowledge. The second is the knowledge why or how a thing is, *cur res sit*, and it is termed the knowledge of the cause, philosophical, scientific, rational, knowledge."

Naturally the first philosophers, in attempting to explain the enigma of external nature, dealt only with the first kind of knowledge. From Thales, the founder of the Ionic school, to the Sophists, the tendency was to find some original element or principle into which they might analyze existence. Thales himself proposed, as a solution, water; Anaximenes said air; another, original chaotic matter. Pythagoras made "number the essence of things," having mathematics for his only object.

The Eleatic philosophers, instead of the sensuous principle of the Ionics, or the symbolic of the Pythagoreans, adopt an intelligible principle. They make a complete abstraction of every thing material, and this they take as their principle and call it pure being. Here closes the first course, or the analytic. Next, we have the synthetic, which unites being and existence by saying that *becoming* is the absolute principle, and force is the cause of the movement of matter. Anaxagoras rose to the conception of a first force, and makes this force a world-forming intelligence. Herein philosophy gained a great point; namely, an ideal one. But the Sophists, with their empirical subjectivity, destroyed the whole edifice of thought thus far constructed. This school closes the first period of an-

cient philosophy. We now turn to the second, where we find the immortal trio, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle.

There is properly no Socratic doctrine, but a Socratic life. Socrates, born 469 B. C., was the son of a sculptor, and followed that profession in his youth, not without skill, as "The Three Graces" demonstrate. He afterwards devoted himself to the education of youth. His mode of instruction was conversational, popular. Starting often from insignificant objects, he derived his proofs and illustrations from the common matters of every day life. Extremely ugly, always going barefoot, and showing very little affection for his wife and children, he was, nevertheless, a just, pious, and happy man. Accused of being identical with the Sophists, who had occasioned much mischief, this noble victim to misunderstanding was tried by three insignificant men, condemned, and poisoned 399 B. C. Well might Hegel call this "The Tragedy of Athens."

In Socrates the human mind turned itself in upon itself, upon its own being, conceiving itself as active, moral spirit. The philosophizing was of a purely ethical character; so much so that it even expressed contempt for the entire previous period, with its natural philosophy and mathematics. Self-knowledge appeared to him as the starting point of all philosophy, and the only object worthy of a man. He shared with the Sophists their great fundamental thought, that all moral acting must be conscious; but while they had for an object confusion, and the making of all rules relating to outward conduct impossible, he, instead of referring moral duties to the caprice of the individual, referred all to his knowledge. The Socratic method has a two-fold side, negative and positive. The former is the well-known method of irony; the latter, the method of induction, or the leading of a representation to a conception.

Plato (born 430 B. C., died 347 B. C.) is properly the founder of philosophy. He was the pupil of Socrates for more

than eight years, and afterward at the head of an academy in Athens. But instead of carrying philosophy into the streets, as his master had done, he lived entirely withdrawn from the public, satisfied in influencing his pupils. Among his earliest works are dialogues that treat of Socratic questions and themes in a Socratic way. All his reasoning was as *subjective* as that of his great model. He says: "The cause of all impurity and irreligion among men is that reversing in themselves the relative subordination of mind and body; they have, in like manner, in the universe made that to be first which is second, and that second which is first; for, while in the generation of all things, intelligence and final causes precede matter and efficient causes, they, on the contrary, have viewed matter and material things as absolutely prior in the order of existence to intelligence and design; and thus departing from an original error in regard to themselves, they have ended in the subversion of the God-head."

The Platonic system (Socrates objectified) may be divided into three parts,—logic, ethics, and physics. The order which they should take he has not declared. He had some Pythagorean doctrines, such as the pre-existence and transmigration of souls, the conception of love, etc. He tried to prove the immortality of the soul, but he did not convince even himself, and recognized the great truth, now so apparent, that this question does not belong to the province of reasoning, and calls for a special revelation.

As Plato was the only true Socratist, so Aristotle was the only genuine disciple of Plato. He was born 384 B. C., and stands out for the most part as a thoughtful observer. Kant has remarked that since the time of this Grecian sage, logic has made no progress. He devised the syllogism and was the father of modern psychology. The great difference between Aristotle and his predecessors is, that they began with any principles whatever, perhaps imaginary, and he began the sciences only with established facts. And

though, as Draper says, "Conflict between Science and Religion," this latter system "implies endless toil in the collection of facts, both by experiment and observation, and implies also a close meditation of them," the grandest of results has been reached. Plato devoted himself to the higher faculties of the mind; Aristotle analyzed those faculties that were more nearly related to the senses. Draper compares Plato's philosophy to a gorgeous castle in the air, while Aristotle's is a solid structure, laboriously founded on a rock.

Aristotle's method was induction, and he was the founder of a new school, differing from the Platonic in that while the latter holds a dualism of material objects and mental ideas, the former is of the opinion that phenomena, whether material or spiritual, are in the things themselves and not behind them.

"While the Scientific school of Alexandria was founded on the maxims of one great Athenian philosopher, the Ethical school was founded on another, for Zeno, though a Cypriote or Phœnician, had for many years been established in Athens. His disciples took the name of Stoics. His aim was to furnish a guide for the daily practice of life, to make men virtuous. He insists that education is the true foundation of virtue, for if we know what is good, we shall incline to do it."

Zeno, with his stern commands to control the passions, to regulate life by reason, and submit to the law of necessity, is still the type of the highest teachings of science unaided by religion, and he was no more successful than are the moralists of to-day.

In the intellectual decline of Alexandria, indolent methods were preferred to those necessitating laborious observation, and alluring imagination was oftener followed than severe reason.

Neo-platonism is the last great product of Greek Philosophy. It had for its object pantheistic eclecticism; it endeavored to ally the philosophy of Aristotle and Plato to the theosophy of the Orient, and tended to mysticism and theurgy, or an

imaginary science supernaturally revealed by their gods. Of course magic and sorcery were the legitimate results of such beliefs.

Ancient philosophy descends to us in two well defined schools, the Platonic and the Aristotelian. The grand characteristic of the former is innate ideas; the latter holds that the mind is created without any ideas whatever.

Bacon and Descartes are the founders of modern philosophy. "The sciences," says Bacon, "have hitherto been in a sad condition; philosophy, wasted in empty and fruitless logomachies, has failed during so many centuries to bring out a single experiment of actual benefit to human life."

The praise of Bacon is founded, not upon his skill in any particular branch of knowledge, but in his great comprehensive understanding that took in almost the whole extent of universal science. He was not a philosopher, not a discoverer, but he taught others how to philosophize; he opened the way for discovery. Though he foresaw the true explication of the tides, the cause of color, etc.; though he suggested chemical processes, and suspected the law of universal attraction, no one of these allured him from his great work. His whole genius was occupied in framing a method for future research, "*Instauratio Magna*," and the vast Verulamian cycle has been carried out in its several departments of physics, metaphysics, morals, and politics by Kepler, Galileo, Stewart, Reid, Herschel, and others.

"*Cogito ergo sum*," was the proposition Descartes advanced, and upon this the certainty of all other knowledge depends. The watchword of these two great thinkers, and the guiding principle of all philosophy since then, is *analysis*. Bacon taught how to analyze *nature*. Descartes taught how to analyze *thought*. Thus we have the two schools of modern philosophy, the German and the British. Of the former we have Descartes, Kant, Cousin, and all modern German and French philosophers. Of the latter are Bacon,

Hobbes, Hamilton, and all modern Scotch and English philosophers. The German begins with principles and ends with facts. The British begins with facts and ends with principles. The former assumes most. The latter proves most. The former is transcendental; the latter is experimental.

These schools are in reality descendants of the two ancient ones, and the leading difference is still that open question, *innate ideas*. The German mistakes the same old position with the Platonic, that certain ideas of time, space, right and wrong, cause, and personal identity are inherent, intuitive. The British, with Aristotle, deny the intuitive power, though they tacitly recognize the existence of some of its ideas. Hamilton says, "*Lectures on Metaphysics*," page 284, "But the mind not only possesses a great apparatus of *a posteriori* adventitious knowledge; it possesses necessarily a small complement of *a priori* native cognitions." And again later, "While we can never understand *how* any original datum of intelligence is possible, we have no reason to doubt from this inability that it is true." Yet, in treating of cause and space, he classes them among ideas gained by sensation, and saying that we can neither conceive of them as finite nor as infinite, he would have a law of the conditioned or thinkable, midway between the two. (*Query*,—Can we conceive of any idea derived from sensation as infinite or finite? Is any maximum or minimum cognizable by the imagination any more than by the senses, those analogues of fancy?)

Haven, with many of our American philosophers, argues in favor of the intuitive power.

But there are other important questions the consideration of which has divided philosophy into various schools. To bring out some of them we shall notice the five prominent systems of modern philosophy. First: *Sensationalism*: the doctrine that all our ideas consist of sensations transformed. This doctrine is held by Hobbes and Condillac. Locke

and Hamilton are also generally included, though both have partly, at least, acknowledged the existence of primary truths. Second: *Idealism*: the direct converse of the former, making every thing consist in ideas, and denying the existence of material bodies. Here we find Descartes, Fichte, Stewart, Hegel, Schelling, and perhaps Carlyle. Third: *Skepticism*: universal doubt, which maintains that no fact can be established on philosophical grounds. In this system are Berkeley and Hume. Fourth: *Mysticism*: this refuses to admit that we can gain truth with absolute certainty either from sense or reason, and points us to faith, feeling, or inspiration as its valid sense. The poet-philosopher Coleridge, Thomas Taylor, Greaves, and Fourier, support this doctrine. Fifth: *Eclecticism*: a system not following any model or leader, but selecting and combining from all and any tenets or works. On this roll we find names of no small distinction; among them M. de Biron, Cousin, Mme. de Staël.

The tendency of sensationalism is to attach undue importance to the senses, to make the soul synonymous with the brain, and God but the abstraction of nature.

The tendency of idealism is to raise the idea of nature above that of mechanism, and impart to it a life and soul.

The common sense of the world has pronounced skepticism to be a reproach. Yet there is a doubt, a means not an end, upon which the success of philosophy depends. Paul says, "Prove all things." Malebranche says, "We doubt through passion and brutality, through blindness and malice, and finally through fancy and from the very wish to doubt; but we doubt also from prudence and through distrust, from wisdom and through penetration of mind. The former doubt is a doubt of darkness, which never issues to the light, but leads us always farther from it. The latter is a doubt which is born of the light, and which aids, in a certain sense, to produce light in its turn."

Religious disbelief and philosophical

skepticism are not by any means the same, nor have they really any natural connection; for while the one must ever be a matter of regret and reprobation, the other is deserving of applause. It will not do to take one man's opinion, great as he may be, on every subject. The grand and beautiful science of spectrum analysis would have been unknown had not some one doubted Newton's emission theory of light.

David Hume had united in him both phases of skepticism; he was "the man who gave the whole philosophy of Europe a new impulse and direction, and to whom, mediately or immediately, must be referred every subsequent advance in philosophical speculation."

Men had fallen into a lethargy over their dogmatic systems, and it was Hume who, like an electric spark, enlivened their dormant energies, and awakened them to the necessity of considering these questions in other aspects, and subjecting them to a more critical analysis. His influence was felt both in England and Germany. Kant explicitly acknowledges that it was by Hume's *reductio ad absurdum* of the previous doctrine of causality that he was roused. And Reid confesses that he would never have been led to question the legitimacy of the common doctrine of perception, involving though it did the negation of an external world, had Hume not startled him into hesitation and inquiry by showing that the same reasoning which disproved the existence of matter would also, if fully carried out, disprove the existence of mind.

Though there is nothing national in philosophical investigation, and it would seem strange that there should be so great a difference in writers of different nations, yet we find almost as great a variety of opinions and ideas in the several authors as their respective nations exhibit.

Among the Germans, as prominent authors, we find Kant, Spinoza, and Schelling.

Kantianism, which shows *a priori* con-

ceptions and intuitions the true foundation of knowledge, and which is called transcendental philosophy, professes to have detected as firm a basis of sure evidence for metaphysics as for mathematics or natural science; to annihilate skepticism by showing the precise limits of knowledge, and also the extent and degree of belief which we are compelled to give to certain notions not susceptible of certain evidence; it refutes Locke's famous principle that all our ideas are derived from sensation. Kant says, "External objects are necessary conditions,—the *sine qua non* of ideas,—but there must also be in us a capacity of being affected. In order to arrive at knowledge there must be a *matter* and a *form*; sensation furnishes the former, the latter exists in the mind itself. As for example, take a magic lantern; in order to show off the figures there must be a bright spot on the wall; this is an image of the mind. Without figures, the luminous spot is an empty nothing, like the human mind till it has objects of sense. But without the spot the figures would be invisible, as without an *a priori* capacity to receive impressions we could perceive none. According to Leibnitz, the figures are ready-made on the spot. According to Locke, no spot is necessary.

"Experience gives us the materials of knowledge, consciousness is the ultimate source of all our notions, beyond which we can not go, for we can not step out of ourselves. This consciousness teaches us that we have a primitive, productive faculty, *imagination*, whence every thing is derived; *sense*, which opens to us the external world; *understanding*, which brings external objects to rule; and *reason*, which goes beyond all sense and experience, a faculty by which we attain ideas. There is a perpetual conflict between these two latter faculties, and the disputes are of the following nature: The reason postulates a vast number of truths which the understanding in vain strives to comprehend; hence the antinomies of pure reason; hence it is easy to demonstrate the eternity and non-

eternity of the world, the being and no-being of God, etc. All these ideas have their foundation in the nature of the mind, and as such we can not shake them off. But whether they have any outward reality the mind itself can never know; and the result is, not skepticism, which is uncertainty, but the certainty of our inevitable ignorance.

"On the same basis of consciousness we find the fact of a certain moral feeling, *I ought*; this includes in it *I can*; and as speculative reason is quite neutral on these ultimate points of absolute knowledge, practical reason on this basis raises the vast structure of moral philosophy and religion. The want of knowledge is supplied by faith; but a faith that is necessary, and to an honest, sound mind irresistible. Its objects are God, immortality and freedom,—notions which all unsophisticated minds readily embrace, which a certain degree of reason destroys ['a little learning is a dangerous thing,' says Pope], but which reason in its consistent application shall again present for universal acceptance. The seeming skepticism of speculative philosophy is favorable to the interests of religion, by keeping the coast clear. I can not demonstrate the being of God, nor you his non-existence. But my moral principle,—the fact that I am conscious of a moral law,—is something against which you have nothing."

But Spinoza lacks the element of religious faith. Where all activity is but the modified activity of one universal Being, there is no individual, no personal action. As Froude says, "Moral life, like all life, is a mystery; and as to anatomize the body will not reveal the secret of animation, so with the actions of the moral man. The spiritual life which alone gives them meaning and being glides away before the logical dissecting knife, and leaves it only a corpse to work upon." Spinoza's fundamental position is divine immanence in all things, as distinguished from the ordinary anthropomorphic conception of God, which gives him human power.

He says, in "Ethica," "God is a being absolutely infinite; a substance consisting of infinite attributes, each of which expresses his eternal and infinite essence. I say absolutely infinite, not infinite *suo genere*, for what is infinite *suo genere* only has finite and not infinite attributes. Whereas what is infinite absolutely contains in its own essence every thing by which substance can be expressed, and which involves no impossibility."

Coleridge heartily embraced Spinoza's doctrine, but was anxious to guard it from Pantheistic conclusions, and everywhere asserts divine intelligence and divine will against the necessitarian and materialistic assumptions and vague, negative generalities of Spinoza. A late writer says of Spinoza that "he, in common with all metaphysicians before him, Böhme, perhaps, excepted, began at the wrong end, commencing with God as an object. Had he, though still dogmatizing objectively, begun at the *natura naturans*, he must have proceeded *per intelligentiam* to the subjective, and, having reached the other pole-idealism, or the 'I,' he would have reprogressed to the equatorial point, or the identity of subject and object, and arrived finally at a clear idea of God."

Schelling's school is speculative philosophy, as opposed to the empiricism of Locke, the skepticism of Hume, and the critical school of Kant. Coleridge thought both Fichte and Schelling erred when they deviated from Kant, but he regarded the former as a great logician, and the latter as a greater man.

Viewing all the varied and complicated

systems of philosophy, each the life-work and ambition of earth's greatest and noblest men, and yet the subject even still of so much debate, confusion, and unrest, remembering all those gigantic efforts that oftenest resulted in signal failures, one involuntarily cries out with Faust:

"Who hopes to find repose
Up from this mighty sea of error diving!
Man can not use what he already knows,
To use the unknown ever striving."

Yet success does come as the result of patient investigation, thought, and toil. Incalculable are the benefits derived from science, and wonderful are its achievements!

Philosophy and Christianity have this in common,—both are searching after truth. Both require a renunciation of prejudices and conclusions formed without a previous examination. And yet we grow up with such a load of beliefs—beliefs owing to the accident of birth and country, from the education we receive and the people we meet—that when we would study into these vital questions, lo! we see every thing through these already formed habits of thought, feeling, and action, as through a prism, and vision is distorted.

To free ourselves of this medley of true and false opinions, to clear away the rubbish of second-hand notions, is the first step toward truth. Freedom, simplicity and teachableness are the requisites for the student of God in nature and in revelation. As truly of the former as of the latter he has said: "Except ye become as little children ye can not enter."
EMMA G. WILBER.

SOUNDS OF MY CHILDHOOD.

THE memory retains pictures more readily than sounds; yet there are certain of these associated with my young days that bid fair to last as long as I live. These sounds I remember belong to myself. It is a curious pride one takes in solitary possession, and I take pleasure in believing myself the sole proprietor of these valuables,—none the less that I am not in the least danger of being envied by any body.

The baying of fox-hounds, as they scour the Winter woods and fields, is common enough to people living in the country; yet the sound of these animals as I first heard them long ago, I shall believe to be perfectly individual. It has never been the same to me since. At half-past four o'clock in early Winter, the sun has gone down behind the hills, and school-children, who have a mile and a quarter to walk over a lonely road, must be lively pedestrians to escape the shadows of night-fall. The road which my childish feet traversed in all weathers, through sand, rain, mud, and deep snows, was one of the loneliest I remember. After leaving the village street, a solitary brown cottage perched on a rocky hillside was the only link which connected civilization with my home. The Irishman who owned it was a stout, broad-faced, somber-looking man, with long black straight hair, who spoke with an unintelligible brogue; and his wife was to me a perfect ghoul. She had a wild eye, and the carriage of her head always frightened me. This peculiar pose may have been owing to a large goitre which horribly disfigured her neck, but it only added to the terror with which she inspired me. Harmless though these people were, they, their strange ways, the seclusion in which they dwelt, were far from reassuring to a fanciful child, and I sometimes dreaded to pass the place.

One night when the darkness seemed coming on faster than usual, as my com-

panion and I were climbing the long, steep hill which approached this spot, a strange, deep, reverberating sound broke upon the stillness; we had never heard any thing like it. On one side of the road was a kind of ravine, filled with a growth of trees, through which a brook ran, and on the other a steep bank shutting off the view in the direction from which the sound came. At the first notice of it, my mate took to her heels, but a kind of paralysis seized upon me, and I could hardly get a foot forward. I had heard stories of wolves and bears, and, indeed, the locality where my parents lived took its name from the latter animals, and I immediately connected the sounds with these fearful creatures. At first they seemed distant, then grew nearer, rising higher until the Winter twilight was filled with them. As the wind bore them toward us more and more distinctly, I felt my heart faint with vague, awful dread. They were not by any means unmusical, yet my ignorance of their source made them weird and terrible to me in the gloom and loneliness. Just as we reached the top of the hill, our frightened eyes saw half a dozen slender, agile creatures, leaping fleetly along the edge of a wood, their cries now grown sharp and imminent. I knew then they were hounds in pursuit of game. Nevertheless it was a great relief to see them hold straight on their northward course, keeping close to the hills as they went, instead of coming in our direction.

Another sound I remember is associated with a Summer landscape and the glowing sky of noonday. It was a place where two roads met, leaving a triangle of green turf. On one side an immense swamp stretched away for twenty acres, a wandering edge of upland running round it, and a somber little brook making its way out under a bridge crossing one of the roads and built high up from the bottom with stones. That bridge was

a kind of mammoth cave to me; and I have always had a better conception of the Kentucky labyrinth from my dreamings at the end of it. I used to stand there, and bending down, look through the gloomy passage with feelings of awe. My first fish were caught between those black walls of stone, and on the same occasion a small eel, which I mistook for a snake, and was afraid to pull from the hook.

There was a good deal of mystery associated with this place, for the main road in one direction made a sudden turn just beyond the bridge, and the by-road ran up a steep little hill and hid whatever was beyond. One could never tell what might be coming. On another side, the stony uplands of my father's farm seemed climbing into the sky; there was an orchard of gnarly apple-trees by the road, and in one corner of a rough grain-field was a thicket of elderberry bushes. It was a spot full of rugged, homely charm, where a child could spend hours of quiet pleasure.

One day I remember from all others. It must have been in August, for the elderberry heads hung black and heavy on the stone wall, and I had gone there with a servant to gather them for pies. The sky was without a cloud, and brilliant with noonday light, but softened with rich haze. A range of hills in the west not shut in were purple in the distance, and seemed melting into the heavens. The brilliant, warm, brooding atmosphere transfused every thing, and seemed a part of the dreamy stillness.

As I talked with my companion, nothing could be heard but our own voices, and perhaps the cry of locusts; but sitting on the stone wall, gathering the berries, a new and controlling sense of the beauty of the world seized upon me, and held my tongue.

In a minute I became conscious of sound—deep, vast, omnipresent—filling the whole air. It was not loud, but pervading. The clatter of a stone from the wall made it inaudible. I could trace it to no particular point of the compass;

the more I tried to localize it the more it baffled me; it seemed to come from every-where, and to be a part of the universal world. I had learned how swiftly the earth rolled in its orbit, and knew from experience what sound was associated with the rapid whirring of any object through the air, and I instinctively reflected that it might be the solid globe humming through space, made audible in the palpable stillness of Summer noon.

My companion was more alarmed, and made wild speculations as to the cause of the sound. She foreboded immense disaster, and roused my childish mind to an intensity of excitement. Just then the Adventists, or the Millerites, as I heard them called, were looking forward to the immediate end of all things, and I had heard some of their melancholy prognostications. These had made considerable impression on me; but I now received my first poignant apprehension of a curious occurrence. The idea of the beautiful world being destroyed, burned up, whirled into black spaces, smote sharply upon my heart. The potent loveliness of the scene made the thought most keen; and the idea of my own life being quenched, swallowed up in some mysterious way, took overwhelming possession of me.

The deep, mellow, vibrating noise kept on as we sat hushed and awed by the sandy roadside. There was nothing to account for it; all our wonderment ended in nothing, and after a little we sought to forget it in lively talk. It was a mystery then, and it has always remained so. There was no mill in the neighborhood with thundering machinery, and if it were the earth slightly quaking, the sound was too continuous to be satisfactorily accounted for in that way. Perhaps my childish fancy of the humming of the globe through space was not so bad a solution of the phenomenon.

The bellowing of the bull is not regarded as a romantic sound, and I do not remember to have read any poetry celebrating it, but a single specimen of it happens to be one of my pet recollections.

It was at nightfall, and I was at my grandmother's in the valley. The dusk was fast wrapping the hills and settling down over the June fields. A golden glow lingered in the west, and shone through the tree-tops. All sounds repeated themselves with startling distinctness. In the silence, some bovine from beyond the hills set up his deep roar, and in a minute the shadowy, slumbering valley was alive with it. Beginning with a deep, heavy thunder, the voice gradually rose higher, swelling out in long, lingering cadences, curiously half pathetic in character, then vanishing in a perspective of sound, until they almost died away,—again rising still higher, and repeating themselves in breathless succession, weirdly among the hills. I remember that my grandmother was much impressed also, and readily fell in with my idea of the immense distance the sound proceeded from. Her casual remark that the animal might be three or four miles away made a powerful impression on me, and my imagination started at once on a journey over the rough hill-road to the west, through lonely woods, past green meadows, by farm-houses and barns, and through the long, long covered bridge, which I well remembered, and which was a wonder of architecture to me. I do not know how long this mu-

sical entertainment lasted, but it was of the rarest sort, and my literal appreciation of the distance connected with it fixed it indelibly in my memory.

The peculiarly beautiful song of the wood-thrush is well known to lovers of birds and country scenes. This thrush is of shy, secluded habit, seldom singing in open fields. On my way home through the pastures with the cows one Summer evening, I probably made my first acquaintance with this rare singer. Hurrying down a steep slope edging deep woods, where the shadows were already getting black, a strain of such wild sweetness broke upon my ear as I had never heard. It was the very soul of simple pathos filling the twilight woods. It seemed almost like a human voice, clear, mellow, penetrating, exquisitely delicate in quality. I well remember the ecstasy of emotion it stirred in me. I forgot my errand, letting the cows loiter as they would, and stopped to listen. I was ignorant of the name of the bird, and it was not until many years after that I learned to associate that wildwood song with the thrush. Some noise in the woods must have startled the singer, for suddenly as it had broken out, the divine melody came to an end, and my heart fairly ached with the passion of regret I felt.

JENNY BURR.

BEYOND THE HILLS.

BEYOND the hills where suns go down
And brightly beckon as they go,
I see the land of fair renown,
The land which I so soon shall know.
Above the dissonance of time,
And discord of its angry words,
I hear the everlasting chime,
The music of unjarring chords.
I bid it welcome; and my haste
To join it can not brook delay.

O song of morning, come at last!
And ye who sing it, come away!
O song of light and dawn and bliss,
Sound over earth and fill these skies!
Nor ever, ever, ever cease
Thy soul-entrancing melodies!
Glad song of this disburdened earth,
Which holy voices then shall sing;
Praise for creation's second birth,
And glory to creation's King!

H. BONAR.

SOUL POSSIBILITIES.

AN inspired writer, lost in a maze of wonderment as he contemplates the infinite possibilities of a redeemed soul in the future life, cries out, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God; but it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

The enlargement of a single mind, and its advancement in knowledge, in this short life, is matter of wonder. Here lies a helpless babe in its cradle. If we did not know to the contrary, we would suppose that it belonged to some of the lower orders of animals. In many respects it is inferior to them. It is wholly dependent on mother or nurse. But mark the progress of that child.

Forty years from to-day it shall hold parliaments and senates as with a spell by the charm of its eloquence; or it shall command an army whose march and movements shall shock the globe; or it shall master the languages of twenty nations, and converse in each as in its mother tongue; or it shall push its inquiries so far into the unsolved mysteries of matter and mind as to show its kinship to Deity; or it shall so subject the forces of nature to its own will, and hold them subservient to its own plans and purposes, as to seem to challenge the power of the Highest.

To-day, Seneca is a wild boy of Rome; to-morrow, he can repeat two thousand verses at once in their order, and then rehearse them backward again in the same order. To-day, Cyrus is a youth of Persia, of no more than ordinary promise; to-morrow, he commands a large army, and can call every individual soldier by his name. Cyneas, who is sent to Rome on important business, is able, the day after his arrival, to salute every Roman senator by his proper name, as well as the whole order of gentlemen in Rome. To-day, Mithridates is plodding over his lessons at school; to-morrow, he is governor of twenty-three nations, all of different languages, and

converses with each in its own tongue. Dr. Dick tells of a man who was born blind, and who could repeat the whole of the Bible, from beginning to end, and could give any chapter or verse that might be called for, the moment it was demanded.

This vast susceptibility of a human soul to enlarge and acquire knowledge is but the outflashing of its immortal destiny and the proof of its boundless possibilities. Liberated from the clogs of the body and the limitations of time and sense, who can measure its rapid flight, or foreshadow its possible attainments, as the eternal cycles march their solemn retreat?

"Say, can a soul possessed
Of such extensive, deep, tremendous power
Enlarge still, be but a finer breath
Of spirits, dancing through their tubes awhile,
And then forever lost in vacant air?"

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be." But that there will be perpetual progression in knowledge, and endless enlargement of capacity, is alike the teaching of reason and revelation. Nor will there ever be a limit to the excursions and explorations of a soul "washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Said Sir Isaac Newton: "I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." Newton has passed the border line, and entered upon that undiscovered ocean. After he shall have explored it for millions of ages, he will doubtless still seem to himself as a mere boy in his attainments, so much will yet remain undiscovered.

The redeemed soul is to "inherit all things." No finite intelligence can fathom the extent of his inheritance, or map out

the boundary lines of his celestial possessions. With infinite delight and tireless interest will he forever survey his heritage, while on his return from each successive excursion through Jehovah's empire, he will join with rapture in the song of Moses and the Lamb, saying, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty. Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."

The body which will be the vehicle of the glorified spirit will also be worthy of its celestial tenant, and in every way adapted to its illimitable expansion and peerless grandeur. Matter is capable of indefinite changes, combinations, and refinements. The exquisitely beautiful hues of the rainbow are but a faint prophecy of the possibilities of matter. I looked upon a picture, the other day, of two little boys. The artist had done his work after the boys were dead, the outlines being made before their burial. With the aid

of pencil and paint, the work was most skillfully executed. To me the picture looked other than human; but to the parents it was a faithful representation of the forms of their dear children. So the Divine Artist will recollect and recombine the scattered dust, and touch and tinge with celestial hues, until a glorified form shall stand forth, all fitted and furnished for the habitation of the blood-washed spirit.

On the summit of a mountain, in the land of Judea, God was pleased to push out from the unseen world the Form of One after which the bodies of all his saints are to be patterned. "And his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light." "When he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Then he "shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body."

W. K. MARSHALL.

ANCIENT MOSAICS IN THE CHURCHES OF ROME.

WHEN the early Christians emerged from the obscurity of the Catacombs and erected edifices in the city of Rome, or took possession of the deserted pagan temples, they frequently ornamented them with mosaics or frescoes, in imitation of the beautiful models of antiquity. Protected by the Emperor Constantine and defended by the power of the state, as well as enriched by powerful members, they had no longer any fear of persecution, and began to occupy themselves in embellishing their churches. Some of these mosaics have endured until the present time, and they are interesting historical records of the doctrines and modes of thought of the Christians of the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries. These, it is true, were not the primitive Christians, and the corruption of doctrine which has ended in the present Roman

Church had already begun. But it is evident, from a study of these enduring pictures in stone, that the ancient owners of the churches in which these mosaics exist were much more Scriptural in their views than those who occupy them now. The Christian mosaics and bas-reliefs of the fourth and fifth centuries represent subjects taken from the Old Testament, and from the life of Christ before the crucifixion. They present no picture of the Virgin seated, with the Child in her arms and a halo around her head, except in such pictures as the Adoration of the Magi, when she would naturally be seated. The worship of the Virgin had no special hold upon the people until about the ninth century, when the veneration for her increased, and mosaics and pictures in her honor were placed over the principal arches, and in the other most

conspicuous situations in the churches. There is no representation of the God-head in the mosaics of the first four centuries, and the crucifixion is not seen until two centuries later. Christ is generally represented seated upon a throne, or standing majestically in the midst of the clouds, with the apostles, saints, and the Virgin around him.

The silent, mysterious transformation of the pagan into the papal Church, which took place in the early part of the Middle Ages, is one of the most wonderful events of history. The Church gradually took possession of the deserted pagan temples, and the new worship often took a character similar to that of the ancient gods who had before occupied them. Thus the Pantheon, which had been the temple of all the gods, was dedicated to All Saints or Martyrs. The saint to whom a church was dedicated always resembled in some characteristics the ancient god before him. The Church endeavored in this way to win the sympathy of the pagan population for the new faith which aspired to take the place of the old. The temples were remodeled or destroyed, in order to build others with the precious materials. The marble columns of various churches in Rome, such as Ara Coeli, Santa Maria in Trastevere, Santa Agnese, and Santa Cecilia, are of various qualities, heights, and diameters. Some have Ionic capitals, others Doric or Corinthian. Some are elevated upon pedestals, to reach the required height of the arches they sustain; and some have sculptured upon them the names of ancient pagan emperors, or the symbols of Iris, Serapis, or Cybele. The portico of the Church of St. Clement has four columns of different diameters, two of which have Ionic capitals and two Corinthian. Three of these columns are of granite and one of cipollino. Inside of the church there are sixteen ancient columns, of five different kinds of marble, all of them relics of the past grandeur of Rome.

Rome was a prey to the Romans, and

not only to them, but to all the neighboring cities, and also to the Byzantine Empire. It is said that Constantine carried away sixty exquisite statues, to decorate his capital in the East. Relics of ancient Rome may be found scattered all over Italy. In its desolation, the golden city, *aurea Roma*, the pride of the ancient world, which was crowded with statues of bronze and marble, and noble temples, and indescribable richness of alabaster, cipollino, jasper, Egyptian marble, and granite, became a sort of marble mine for all who cared to avail themselves of its treasures. The marble was even burned to make lime, and many families of that age bore the name of *Calcarius*, to indicate the business of lime-burner.

The Church of Rome, while it is in part responsible for this destruction of the monuments of antiquity, has also the merit of having preserved to the present time that part of the ancient treasures which suited her purposes. The numerous old churches are really monuments of antiquity, where precious columns and sarcophagi have been preserved for centuries. In some cases, even the building now existing was formerly a pagan temple. If the Pantheon had not been conceded to her, it would long ago have been destroyed; and she has also preserved the noble columns of Trajan and Aurelius, by placing statues of St. Peter and St. Paul upon them. The beautiful little temple of Vesta, near the bank of the Tiber, one of the most perfect specimens of that style of architecture, has been a Roman Catholic church for centuries. The early Christian mosaics have also been in her custody, and they still remain enduring traditions of the customs and doctrines of those first centuries. The Goths and the Saracens have visited and sacked Rome; but these mosaics, some of them as old as the fourth century, have preserved the primitive types, although many of them have been subjected to repairs and alterations where they were injured by time.

The art of mosaic represents all the

objects of nature by means of solid materials, such as stones, marble, shells, or glass. The forms and colors of landscapes, buildings, and animals are depicted in this manner with truth and beauty. The blue of the sky, the expanse of water, and the gloss of the skin of animals, or the feathers of birds, are reproduced with all their shades of color. "Mosaic," says an old writer, "is a sculpture painted, and a painting sculptured, which, escaping the ravages of time, transmits to posterity specimens of the art of various centuries." The hardness of the material guarantees duration, and there is nothing to fear from the restorations of ignorant artists, as it only needs cleaning to restore it.

The first mention of the art of mosaic is in the Book of Esther, where the palace of Ahasuerus is described: "There were white and green and blue hangings, fastened with cords of fine linen and purple to silver rings and pillars of marble: the beds were of gold and silver upon a pavement of red and blue and white and black marble." It is thought that the application of the art to pictures, and the copying of paintings in oil, was invented by the Etruscans. The Greeks, however, were consummate masters of the art, and many of the mosaics in Italy were wrought by Greek artists. The first mention of mosaics in Rome is made after the conquest of Greece. The art of mosaic has had three periods: the ancient or golden age, during the reign of Augustus; the early Christian; and the present. It followed the rise and fall of the arts of painting and sculpture, as, instead of inventing new subjects for itself, it generally followed the best models of the sister arts. Like painting and sculpture, from the fifth to the fourteenth centuries its conception and execution indicated the reign of ignorance and decline of art. From want of marbles, Italy almost lost the art of mosaic during the Middle Ages; but, with the revival of art, the Florentine schools led it back to the pure style which had been lost during the Byzantine rule, and it was brought

to great perfection by the Venetians in the sixteenth century. The present factory, on the island of Murano, near Venice, produces mosaics made of glass and gold enamels, which are considered superior to the ancient, and had great success at the Vienna Exposition in 1873. St. Mark's Church, in Venice, combines in itself the whole history of the art from the thirteenth century. It is covered within and without with gold and mosaic pictures, and the factory of Murano is now furnishing a mosaic pavement of colored glass. Rome, Florence, and Venice are rivals in the art. The Vatican manufactory, which has ornamented St. Peter's and St. Paul's Churches with such exquisite mosaic pictures, is famous all over the world. The construction of these pictures is under the direction of the most eminent artists, and one painting occupies four or five of them for ten years. The manufacture of small mosaics for jewelry commenced in Rome a century ago, and has arrived at such perfection that often it is impossible with the naked eye to distinguish the pieces of which the jewel is composed. It is now an industry as well as an art, and one of the principal sources of profit in the city.

The ancient mosaics are made of marble, or hard stones of various colors, cut in cubes and cemented together. The modern are made of a composition of glass, which offers greater variety of tints, while its transparency enables the picture to exceed the beauty of fresco paintings. Since 1861, the tints of the enamels have been so multiplied that there are now no less than seventeen thousand various colors used in the manufacture of the pictures. The artist is thus able, by the juxtaposition of analogous shades of enamel, to imitate the art of the painter, who mixes various colors upon his easel in order to produce a new one.

One of the most interesting ancient specimens of this art is the celebrated Doves of Venus drinking out of a vase, which is now in the Capitoline Museum. It is described by Pliny, who admired its

exquisite fineness and polish, and thought it wonderful that one hundred and sixty cubes could be placed within a square inch. It was discovered in Hadrian's Villa, at Tivoli, and was made, says Pliny, by the Greek artist, Liso. The pavement in the hall of the Rotonda, at the Vatican, representing the Battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ; the Battle of Alexander, found at Capua, and now in the Neapolitan Museum; the colossal head of Medusa, found in the house of Diomede, at Pompeii,—are fine specimens of the ancient art. In the Church of St. Antonio, at Rome, is a very ancient mosaic, representing a tiger tearing a bull. It is made of small bits of marble, of various colors, united with great accuracy. The ground is of irregular pieces of serpentine, the tiger's body of antique yellow marble, the skin of serpentine, the eyes and teeth of white marble, and the tongue red. Other beautiful ancient pagan mosaics are, Hercules after killing the marine monster, now in the Villa Albani; the Rape of Europa, in the Barberini Palace; and Perseus liberating Andromeda, in the Capitoline Museum.

But the oldest and most remarkable Christian mosaics existing in Rome are in the churches of Santa Maria Maggiore; San Giovanni, in Laterano, and its baptistery; St. Paul; Santa Pudenziana, and Saints Cosmo and Damiano. These are all of the fourth or fifth century. Those of Santa Maria Maggiore are considered the most remarkable, and date from the middle of the fifth century, when the church was erected by Sextus III. They are the only ones in Rome which represent the development of Christianity by the stories of the Old and New Testament. They were evidently designed by a single artist, as there is a constant unity in all of them, and they are considered the most continuous that exist. These thirty-six rectangular mosaics, above the columns and along the walls of the central nave, represent Melchisedec and Abraham, the three angels visiting Abraham, division made by Abraham and Lot, Isaac's

benediction of Jacob, Jacob asking for Rachel, lament of Jacob to Laban, Jacob again asking for Rachel, division of flocks between Jacob and Laban, Jacob telling Leah and Rachel that he will depart, his meeting with Esau, and other scenes in the life of Jacob. Then follow sixteen scenes in the lives of Moses and Joshua. The first are the most beautiful, and represent the idyl of patriarchal life with the grace of pure ancient art. They seem to have been the precursors of those small pictures with which Raphael ornamented the Loggia of the Vatican, and which are called Raphael's Bible. In all the battle-pieces of the story of Joshua, the artist, says Agincourt, has imitated the cold manner of the bas-reliefs on the column of Trajan. The mosaics over the arch of the principal tribune belong to this period, but are so much in the shadow that it is difficult to examine them. That in the tribune itself, brilliant with gold enamels, and representing the crowning of the Virgin, is of the thirteenth century, and was made by Jacopo Turriti. Nothing could more forcibly illustrate the corruption of doctrine than this close proximity of these mosaics. In the early ones, outside of the arch, the Virgin receives no such homage; her head is without the halo or the crown, and she stands humbly at one side, in a reverent attitude, while the Child itself is seated upon the throne, even in the Adoration of the Magi. These pictures are distributed into four compartments, corresponding on opposite sides of the arch, and representing scenes in the life of Christ. In the middle of the arch is a throne, before which is the mystical book with seven seals. At the sides are Peter and Paul, and the animals symbolizing the four evangelists, the calf, lamb, lion, and eagle. The second picture is the Annunciation, in which the Virgin is seated, and receives the announcement of the angel, while two other angels stand behind her. The third picture is the Presentation of Christ in the Temple, in which Mary holds the Child in her arms,

while around his head alone is the halo of glory. The second series of four, on the opposite side of the arch, represent the adoration of the Magi; Christ disputing in the Temple; a scene in the life of Herod, the meaning of which is not clear; and the massacre of the innocents. These are the celebrated mosaics of Santa Maria Maggiore, which, in the Iconoclastic wars of the eighth century, were quoted in the Council of Nice. They excel all others in Rome for purity and unity of composition, and, approaching the pure style of the ancients, are a fine monument of the last splendors of Roman art in the fifth century.

The ancient mosaics of St. Paul's Church outside the walls, which were preserved from the great fire of 1823, are over the arch which separates the nave from the transept, and were placed there in the fifth century, by Galla Placidia, the sister of the Emperor Honorius. These admirable mosaics represent a gigantic half-figure of Christ, who, with a rod in the hand, is watching over the faithful, but with an expression of countenance which, instead of being tender, is calculated to inspire terror. The symbols of the four Evangelists are on either side, and lower down are the twenty-four elders, while at the extremities of the arch are figures of Peter and Paul. It is seen from this mosaic, the date of which is A. D. 440, that the worship of the Virgin had not yet begun.

In the church of San Giovanni, in Laterano, the only ancient mosaic is in the center of the arch of the tribune, all the lower part being of later date. This was preserved from the fire of 1308, which took place while the priests were singing vespers in chorus. It is a head of the Savior with a majestic expression, and the fingers of the right hand raised in benediction. Twelve seraphim wrapped in wings that cover all but the head, are below; the ground is dark blue, and the clouds are represented by yellow streaks. The corruption of doctrine which ensued in later centuries is illustrated by the mosaic of the thirteenth century below in

the convex part of the tribune, which represents the crowning of the Virgin.

One of the most delicate and beautiful early Christian mosaics in Rome is in a small chapel on the left of the baptistery of San Giovanni in Laterana, a small circular building erected in 440 by Sextus III. This is the chapel of St. John the Evangelist, and the fine mosaic represents the spotless Lamb in Paradise. The golden ground of the mosaic in the arch is as fresh as if new, except in one part where the sun has beaten upon it and faded it a little.

The center of the arch is occupied by a small figure of the Lamb crowned with a garland of flowers. Flowers are scattered all around, and there are two doves with a vase of flowers between them, and a peacock, the emblem of the resurrection. The vase of flowers is often repeated, and the garlands lead along the joints of the arch from the center to the straight wall. This is the most beautiful of all the ancient mosaics in Rome, and entirely Scriptural.

The opposite oratory, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, was formerly covered with mosaics; but they fell off about twenty years ago, and the walls are now quite bare. Having read a description in Ciampini's "History of the Monuments of Rome," an old work in the Angelica library, of these mosaics, I went especially to see them; but after a long search and many questions of a young priest in charge, I found they were not there. Although they no longer exist, their description is interesting. Ciampini says they were never described by any one before him, and that even when he wrote they were so dim and defaced that it was difficult to discover their subjects, which were peculiar and evidently of high antiquity. They are a head of the Savior wearing three crowns, and having two fingers raised in benediction, four Roman ships, such as went to the siege of Jerusalem; Titus seated and listening to an account of the tower of Antonia, with a reference to the history of Josephus; Constantine granting certain privileges in

Italy to Pope Sylvester; the baptism of Constantine; the beheading of John the Baptist; Pope Sylvester, who, with the sign of the cross, kills the dragon that had infested the Tarpeian Rock; figure of the Pope, seated in a chair similar to that now in St. Peter's; and John the Evangelist, tortured in a caldron of boiling oil.

Other mosaics, which no longer exist, but descriptions and designs of which remain, are those of ancient St. Peter's, the church that existed on the present site for so many centuries before the building of this edifice by Michel Angelo. St. Peter's Church was built on a corner of the old Circus of Nero, where there was a temple of Cybele. Here human sacrifices were constantly made, in pagan times, to that vile and dreadful goddess; and on the very spot once purpled with the blood of saints and martyrs the early Christians erected their church. Instead of events in the lives of emperors, the pictures and mosaics represented scenes in the lives of saints and martyrs, and the primitive and scriptural idea of the Savior. The earliest mosaics of which we have any description in the ancient building are scriptural in their ideas. The front was ornamented by mosaics placed there by Gregory IV, which probably replaced other more ancient ones. They represented Christ seated on a throne, blessing with the right hand, and holding an open book in the left. At his right stood Mary, and below her the Pope, kneeling and offering a piece of money to Christ. At the left of the Pope, and below the Virgin, stood Peter, and two old men were offering crowns to the Savior, while five others were adoring him. There were also the four evangelists, each with a book in his hand, and the four animals which symbolize them.

In the Constantine mosaic, the convexity of the vault was sown with stars on a blue ground. There was a gemmed throne, and upon it a gemmed cross placed on a cushion. Beneath the cross there was a Lamb with a diadem on the head, seated on the summit of a mount-

ain from which ran four rivers. At the left was a Pope, with clasped hands, and eyes turned toward the cross. The miter of Peter had a single crown, because, as the ancient book writes, "the custom of encircling it with three diadems was not yet adopted." A woman, representing the Roman Church, held in the right hand a rod surmounted with a cross, and in her left a book resting on her breast. These Constantine mosaics lasted until the seventh century, when they were replaced by Pope Severin, and even these were sufficiently Scriptural. The Savior was seated in the midst, upon a throne, in the act of benediction. At the right stood Paul, with a scroll, upon which was written, "For me to live is Christ." Peter was at the left, with another scroll, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." Behind the two apostles were several palm-trees, and from under the feet of the Savior issued four rivers, alluding to those of Paradise, and symbolizing also the four evangelists. Several stags drank at the rivers, indicating the faithful who drink at the fountain of eternal truth. Below the rivers was a Lamb, signifying Christ, seated on the top of a hill, with a cross on its head, and a wound in its breast, from which issued blood that ran over into a chalice. There were seven sheep issuing out of the city of Jerusalem, and seven from Bethlehem.

Later mosaics, of the tenth century, in old St. Peter's Church, represent Christ between Peter and Paul, and Peter's kingdom had so far increased that he carried three keys. The celebrated "Bark of St. Peter," made by Giotto in the fourteenth century, has been removed and restored several times, and is now over the portico of the principal entrance.

One of the most interesting and oldest churches in Rome is that of St. Pudenziana. It is said to have been built on the site of the house of Pudens, where St. Paul stayed when he was in Rome. It is twenty or thirty feet below the level of the present street, showing how the soil of the modern city has gradually

covered the ancient one. The mosaic of the tribune is among the oldest in Rome, and dates from the fifth century. Mr. Hemans, the archæologist, thinks it more interesting than any others, and certainly it has more grace of style, skill in coloring, and truth to Scripture, than any others. It represents Christ seated upon a golden throne, wearing a gold dress and crown, and a narrow blue scarf. The right hand is raised in benediction, and the left holds an open book. The other figures, apostles, saints, and the Madonna, are standing or seated in various and graceful attitudes, while their faces, instead of wearing the usual frightful expression of ancient mosaics, are natural and beautiful. There are the usual emblems of the four evangelists, the cross, and the two cities of Christ's birth and death, Bethlehem and Jerusalem. This mosaic presented a very beautiful effect the morning that I visited it, with the sunlight streaming through the windows of the arch above upon the picture, and illuminating the gold and blue stories.

Parts of the plain white mosaic pavement of the ancient church still remain, and form a striking contrast to the rare marble pavement of the Gaetano chapel at the left. There is an old and singular inscription in the church, which says: "In this, the most ancient church of Rome, once the house of St. Pudens, Senator, and father of the holy virgins Prassede and Pudentia, was the first lodging of the holy apostles Peter and Paul. Here they baptized those who became Christians, and this was the place of meeting to hear mass and receive the holy communion. The bodies of three thousand martyrs are buried here, together with a great quantity of their blood. Those who visit this church every day will have an indulgence of three thousand years and remission of a third part of their sins."

Saint Prassede, the sister of Pudentia, did not have a church built in her memory until the ninth century; but it yet exists, and is situated near St. Pudentiana.

The mosaics are very elaborate; but, as the period was later, they are far less artistic, and less Scriptural. There is the usual figure of Christ standing in the clouds, which are here of blue and dark red, saints and apostles, twelve sheep, the two cities, and palm-trees. The vision of the Apocalypse is also represented: the twenty-four elders, four angels, four beasts, and seven candlesticks. There is in this church a small chapel, where women can enter only on Sundays in Lent, which contains a marble column said to be that to which the Savior was tied during his flagellation. Outside the door of this chapel there are mosaic busts of the Savior and the twelve apostles, and beneath this another semicircle of saints and virgins, with the Madonna in the center. Although the period is late, her picture is unexpectedly Scriptural, as she wears only a dark-colored cowl on the head, while the only halo surrounds the head of the Savior.

Another very ancient church is that of Saints Cosmo and Damiano, near the Roman Forum. The vestibule, which is circular, is said to be an ancient temple of Romulus. It certainly is very ancient, as the marble columns without the door are more than half buried in the earth. The church itself is said to be of the sixth century, and the mosaic is of the same date. It is exceedingly rough, and the figures, although their forms are majestic, have a fearful expression of countenance. Christ stands upon the red and blue clouds, which look like serpents' tongues on the dark blue ground of the mosaic. There are six saints, all without crowns, while the Savior wears one.

This contrast between the more ancient mosaics and those of later times is striking. As the corruption of doctrine increased, the subjects of the pictures changed. Instead of referring to the life, death, and resurrection of the Savior, they are selected from the lives of the Virgin or of the saints and apostles. The Holy City is no longer Jerusalem, but Rome; the holy rivers are the Tiber and the Aniene; the Madonna no longer

stands humbly at one side, but is seated upon a throne, or crowned in the clouds by the Almighty Father. Often the mosaics, like those numerous and gorgeous ones of Santa Maria in Trastevere, made in the fourteenth century, are all scenes in the life of the Virgin. Christ is no longer represented blessing his people, or giving proof of his tender love to them as the Good Shepherd. He is no longer standing majestically upon the clouds, or seated as a judge upon a throne; but appears a helpless babe in the arms of the Virgin, or a dying man upon the dreadful cross. He is robbed

of all his majesty and dignity, which are given to the Madonna, the apostles, and the saints.

Thus has the Roman Church preserved her own condemnation in enduring marble upon the walls of her churches. Thus do the early Christians testify against her by means of those marble pictures, which she is too blind to perceive are a perpetual proof of her corruptions, and which she cherishes as her rarest treasures. She is the jealous custodian of the most convincing testimony against her corrupt doctrines, and he who runs may read the marble lesson. SOPHIA BOMPIANI.

A SONG OF "DRACHENFELS."

WHERE the westward Seigenborges,
Frowning on in shade and shine,
Lean as if in wayward longing
Toward the radiant river Rhine,
In the days afar, primeval,
When each rock was made a shrine,
Mid the dusky mountain cavern,
Dwelt a dreaded thing divine.
And the pagans,—thus Tradition
Gray and grim her story tells,—
Shuddering at the grewsome horror,
Named the heights the "Drachenfels."
Like their forests upward reaching
Giant branches toward the sky,
Olden, shadowy superstitions
Waved their noisome boughs on high.
And men dreamed; the gods, beholding,
Gorged themselves with mortal pain,
And, on sacrificial altars,
Smiled to see the murder stain.
Thus a dragon-monster, raging
Near and far, in stormy strife,
Ever learned to quaff the fountains
Bubbling up from human life.
On the right hand river margin,
Rugged chiefs of rugged bands,
Dwelt two warriors strong in battle,
Proudest princes in the land;
But across the sunny waters,
Clad in lily-robe of peace,

Reigned the meek Redeemer's Gospel,
Giving prisoned souls release.

In her hand no iron scepter
Holding, but two wond'rous keys,
All whose gems had won their luster
In the depth of crimson seas;
Yet the heathen raged against her,
Surging oft a savage horde,
In wild billows through the woodlands
O'er the legions of the Lord.

And they gathered sad-browed captives,
Men whose aged heads were white,
But whose souls had grown so holy
That the angels loved the sight;
Bore away young forest maidens,
Whose sweet eyes were like the flowers,
When the sun and dewdrop meeting,
Kiss them in the morning hours.

Once, when twilight lay a-sleeping
Mid the balmy Summer air,
While her shadow children wandered
Through the woodland every-where,
Came with eyes a-light in triumph,
Came with heads erect and free,
Homeward from their dark marauding,
Chanting songs of war-like glee,

Those wild pagans bearing captives;
Mid them one whose spirit sweet
Broke in odorous prayers, anointing
Every morn her Master's feet;

And young Rinbod, nobler-hearted
 Of the rugged princely train,
 Looking once upon her beauty,
 Loved her. Ere he looked again,
 Cried aloud in lover's ardor,
 "This star-maiden shall be mine;
 On the warrior's dusky dwelling
 Her young radiance shall shine!"
 Then outspoke the stern-browed Horsrik,
 While his eyes in lurid wrath,
 Flashed their lightnings on his rival,
 As to smite him from the path.
 "Say'st thou so, Sir Prince? then surely
 By the great god Woden's name,
 Since thy blood-drenched sword has won
 her,
 Thine own blood shall test the claim!"
 Toward the chieftain grim and darkling,
 Hand on sword-hilt at his side,
 'T was not love that hovered o'er him,
 But a fiend of jealous pride,
 When uprose a form before him,
 Grandly as some mountain height,
 With the midnight fallen 'round it,
 Sudden glooms upon the sight.
 Eyes whose keen, cold rays of anger
 Seemed to cleave the very air;
 Brow like cliff by tempest beaten,
 Midst a foam of snowy hair,
 And a hand to heaven uplifted,
 As to draw down vengeful fire;
 Voice that made the wild bird's nestling,
 Cower in dread of dangers dire.
 Cried the high-priest of his nation,
 "This fair maid be no man's prize;
 Her warm blood shall feed the dragon,
 Woden, bless the sacrifice!"
 Day dawns flush, and sunsets vanish,
 Shines at last the fateful day,
 And amid her hissing captors,
 Meek the maiden treads her way.
 Low drooped head whose locks fling 'round
 her
 Filmy aureoles of gold,
 Hands serene, in mute petition,
 Crucifix within their hold,
 White calm on her half-hid forehead,
 In the deep of sea-blue eyes
 One could dream there still were lingering
 Dews of early Paradise.
 As the sacrificial fillet
 Rests upon her forehead bare,
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Rinbod's heart ascends in worship,
 But its incense is despair.
 Yonder gnarled oak-tree is tossing
 His scant locks to say them nay,
 As they bind her helpless beauty
 'Gainst his mantling, shaggy gray.
 Hist! The monster dread advances,
 Flash his scales with thousand dyes,
 Borrowed from the morning sunbeams,
 Glare his horrid, hungry eyes;
 From his jaw of ghastly venom
 Gleam the teeth of triple line;
 Pond'rous serpent-tail out-reaching,
 Round the victim see it twine.
 One hushed moment, then a shudder,
 Pulses through the gaping crowd,
 And with roar that shakes the mountain,
 Waking echoes long and loud,
 Writhing on the rocky rampart,
 Reeling on the river brink,
 Downward plunging, now careering,
 See the mighty monster sink.
 For the maiden still before her
 Holds the image of her Lord,
 And those voiceless lips are stronger
 Than the high-priest's magic word;
 With her face illumed and holy,
 Speaks the virgin of his name;
 And her sweet voice soars triumphant,
 Like a heaven-ascending flame.
 While a line of light descending,
 Seems to meet its silver sound,
 As an angel guard were watching
 O'er a sister newly crowned,
 Rinbod, joyfully upspringing,
 Breaks her bonds with eager hand,
 While the multitude are shouting:
 "Hail, the princess of our land!
 Hail, the Christian God forever!
 He is mightier by far
 Than the mightiest we worship,
 He shall reign in peace and war."
 Goldenly the years flew onward
 Over Rinbod and his bride,
 Where the Drachenfels uplifted
 For all eyes its castled pride.
 And to-day the fairest picture
 Shining 'gainst the ancient height,
 Is the vision of a maiden
 Clothed upon with spirit-light,
 By her holy faith a victor,—
 Heaven's appointed virgin knight.

FLORA BEST HARRIS.

OLD AND NEW MACKINAW.

TO the patriotically inclined who expect to join the huge caravansera in its travels eastward toward headquarters in the brotherly, broad-brim city of Philadelphia, and who may chance to select a marine way of locomotion rather than transit by steam-carriage on land, we would suggest, as they recline at ease in their floating homes, or with field-glass take surveys of the peaceful, fertile shores they must pass, that they will also recall the fact that the coasts of these inland seas are dotted all over by the most weird and terrible histories. There is one small point, in especial, that looms up in mid-lake, which few travelers in our country have not, at some period of their lives, watched with excited interest from the deck of some mammoth steamer as it ploughed along its onward course, until the vast expanse of water seemed like a furrowed field. The island of Mackinac! historic from the tragedy wrought out a hundred years and more ago, on a peninsula jutting into the lake about eight miles distant from the present American Gibraltar, where we will pause for a while before crossing over to its more ancient namesake.

The geographical relations of the island are easily defined, and indeed well known. Situated on the straits connecting Lakes Huron and Michigan, it was established as a military post of the United States in 1810.

Its circuit is nine miles, the cove, a small town, backed by a steep cliff about one hundred and fifty feet high; two or three streets running parallel with the lake, and the place now, as ever, a resort of fur-traders, pleasure-seekers, and invalids; visited also, in Summer, by hundreds of Indians on their way to Drummond's Island, to receive their presents from the British Government. The Straits are forty miles long from east to west, and four miles wide at the narrowest part. The fort, on the cliff at its greatest sum-

mit, is about three hundred feet above the lake. As one approaches it the aspect is noble, hard, independent, where perhaps one would not care to live, for it is in fact merely an insulated rock, a fortress, and such a place is something of a prison. Yet we have passed many agreeable days there, and studied its every phase of humor from the balmiest of Summer months to the melancholy waning sunshine of Autumn, as it fell on the faded foliage and dropping leaves; misty and chill it certainly was, but never hopelessly doleful.

The hill-top is an undulating plateau, which the plan of our Government to convert, together with the staid old fort, into a national park, is not a wild vagary, but rather a practical and commonsense project. Extending to the rear of the island, on this high ground, are a few well-cultivated farms, and although all agricultural products are of later ripening than in other localities of the same and adjoining States, they are often of prodigious growth, and always of fine flavor. In small fruits, the strawberry and currant do not reach their perfection until July in the former, often as late as September in the latter, yet the yield is good, and the quality excellent. The weather-beaten dwellings, low, irregular, and for the most part of logs, stuccoed with the powdered shells and tiny pebbles, white as lime, of which the soil is composed, have the antique dormer-windows and other quaint architecture that bespeak their French origin. The premises are every-where marked by an exterior tidy and trim, always an index of what we shall find within doors.

The stores are not well-stocked by a general style of goods, but are rich in a variety of Indian and Canadian manufactures, worked in porcupine quills, and beads. The paths are smooth and dry, the streets mostly a hard, shell concrete, which, with other *débris* cast up from the

lakes, has created an adamantine pavement that it is difficult for the most persistent grass spears to invade.

The anchorage is fine, and it is seldom a hard matter to make the port, as, spite of something of an ocean swell, there is not that heavy surf and rampant waves which one might look for in so exposed an island. Boats ride close to the low shore, even under the very shadow of sugar loaf arch, and fort rock, at neither of which can we now tarry. Yet we must say, *en passant*, that whoever desires a realization of Charles Wesley's oft-sung stanzas:

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,"

it can be found by sitting on the granite hill-side, with arch rock as a gateway into infinity, or what seems at least the grand poetic idea of Dr. Kane, the Unknown Sea, materialized. We gaze through the arch to the boundless waters outside, and, for the moment, deem it nothing earthly, but a strange something located between earth and heaven, "like a piece of the antediluvian world," according to Leigh Hunt,

"Looking out of the coldness of ages."

The fishing grounds are so excellent and abundant that Mackinac trout and white fish are of national repute, while Mackinac potatoes are also quite as renowned, and neither of the trio ever to be resisted by well-trained palates.

The inhabitants, most of whom belong to a half-caste race, are like their progenitors, care free; their light-hearted French blood always culling amusement enough even for the short days, long nights, and icy months of what seems, from its stronghold on the straits, to be an ever-enduring Winter—an ice-bound coast that is tight-locked by the 15th of November, and not set free until the Summer days of May.

Apart from all these dull statistics, there remains a lovely picture so clearly photographed into our very souls, that we look at it with delightful reverence, and there it is forever.

OLD MICHILIMACKINAC.

As you stand on the steamer's deck lying in harbor, or on the rocky plateau of the island (so called Mackinac, meaning *Turtle*, from a fancied resemblance in its conformation to that reptile), and extend your glance across the strait, one can easily discern with the naked eye, at the distance of eight miles or thereabouts, a low headland that juts out into the bay, and which ancient settlers of the little sea-girt hamlet will tell you is the site of old Fort Mackinac. It was built by order of the Governor-General of Canada, in the year 1735, and garrisoned with a small body of English soldiers. Its area includes about an acre of ground, which, being inclosed with pickets of cedar wood, was placed so near the water's edge that, according to an old chronicle, when the wind set in the west, the waves broke against the stockade.

In compiling this sketch, there floats back to the writer's mind a morning three years gone by, which, while it can not be recalled as one of storm and tempest, was certainly a gala time for wind and wave, that handled the party to which she belonged most pitilessly, vexing the inner man by a solemnly rolling sea, even after the sailing craft lay alongside the stanch old pier at Mackinac. Sitting on deck with no prospect of rest for ship or sea-gull, my eye chanced to wander off toward the distant peninsula, that I am striving to bring out in as strong relief as may be for the benefit of my readers.

There it lay, placid and low, yet bearing an outside so fresh and green that one might have fancied the spot a warm, rich meadow asleep on the blue waters, that only seemed to plash and bubble over the graveled beach, or hurried past as if loth to pause on a spot so lonely and so sad. The dark bushes clustered far away backward from the shore, and the few tall trees scattered around denoted what might simply turn out to be a pleasant rural life, and we peer about almost in expectation of quiet home-

steads and browsing cattle. But in fact, there are no green, unbroken fields, no paths leading over meadows or stile, no hay harvests in July; and although wild flowers do not refuse to spring up here and there, it is, and has been, during the century just past, a lifeless, gloomy, silent point of land.

It was a calm, starlit evening that brooded over the old fort on the eighth of June, 1765. The Indians, who had continued to arrive in great numbers throughout the day, were lying apparently in quiet slumber, having cast themselves down every-where about the stockade. They had purchased within the few hours of their arrival, a supply of tomahawks from the government stores, and spent much time in a close scrutiny of various armlets and other silver ornaments that savages wear,—the latter as a blind no doubt to all suspicion of their purpose. The morning of June 9th rose sultry and close, while a quivering haze trembled over the broad lake.

A Chippeway Indian had been early commissioned to notify the traders and their employés, outside the garrison bounds, that his nation were about to engage in the game of "Bag-at-away" with the Sacs, another savage tribe, having obtained the consent and approbation of the English commandant, Major Ethrington, who thought such contest in sport a fit celebration of his Majesty's (George II) birthday.

A few persons ventured to expostulate with the officer in command, suggesting a fear that the Indians might possibly have some sinister motive in view. But all such hints were ascribed to undue timidity, and a smile of unbelief made up the only reply of Major Ethrington to those who tendered him the warning.

"Bag-at-away," so called by the Indians, and in Canadian parlance, "*Le feu de la Crosse*," is an exceeding rough, boisterous, and pitiless game, as the writer can testify, having witnessed it on a certain July 4th, in company with Rev. Edward Cooke and family, from Boston (he being at that time president of a col-

lege in Northern Wisconsin), and which was contested, by broken heads and bleeding limbs, on the Government reservation for the Oneida nation.

The bat is about four feet in length, curved, and terminating in a sort of racket. Two posts are placed in the ground at a considerable distance from each other—sometimes nearly a half-mile—each party having its position. The skill of the game consists in throwing the ball up to the post of its adversary. The ball, at the commencement, is placed in the middle of the course, and each party endeavors as well to throw the ball out of the direction of its own post, as in that of the adversary's.

From the description, it will be seen that it is necessarily attended with much violence and noise. In the ardor of contest the ball, as has been suggested, if it can not be thrown to the goal desired, is struck in any direction by which it can be diverted from that designed by the adversary.

At such a time, therefore, as the one on which we see them engaged, nothing could be more natural, or less likely to excite alarm, than that the ball should be tossed over the pickets of the fort, which premeditated accident was effected in an early stage of the game by the Chippeways. Having fallen within the parade-ground, it was followed on the instant by all the combatants of the play, both parties eager, struggling, shouting—all in unrestrained pursuit of a rude, athletic exercise.

The sequel proved it to have been a most cunningly devised and well executed stratagem, that brought its full reward to the two savage nations,—uniting each to the other, heretofore so malignant in their enmity, with a bond both fraternal and fond.

Every soldier had been enticed within the pickets, and as many of the English *attachés* belonging to the fort as could be found were there gathered together also. No lack was there then of unsuspecting victims, as the fatal war-whoop, from the half-naked wretches, sent its long, loud

reverberations through densely wooded thickets, and over the broad, calm lake.

There is something very quaint and touching in the details of M. Henri, an officer who had accompanied General Amherst, in his expedition against Canada, in 1760, as he tells us of the ghastly scene, first observed as he stood before his window, looking out for an expected canoe that was to convey himself, servant, and peltries to a more secure market, and which reason had furnished sufficient excuse, after the warning given to Major Etherington, for declining to be present at the game. Standing there in quiet expectancy, the war-cry reaches his ear, and on the instant began the work of destruction; the Indians furiously cutting down and scalping every Englishman at hand. Let me repeat the words of M. Henri himself:

"The first victim whose fate I plainly witnessed was Lieutenant Jemette. Then I seized my fowling-piece, and held it for a few minutes, waiting to hear the drum beat to arms; but all continued silent as death, except the howls of rage.

"I then saw my companions fall in every direction, and more than one struggling between the knees of an Indian, who scalped the victim while he was yet alive.

"Shelter or safety for me there seemed to be none; but, realizing how futile would be any attempt to stay the massacre, I besought a slave of the French commandant, the one commissioned by King Louis XV as Governor General over the Indians of the North-west Territory, to hide me, as her master had refused to place me in safety.

"She led me to a garret, at the same time bidding me conceal myself where I could. From an aperture in the roof I could see what was passing without, the whole area of the fort being also exposed.

"To behold is one thing—to describe is another; and no language can tell of the shapes so foul and terrible, the triumphs so ferocious, as were those of the barbarian conquerors.

"The dead were scalped and mangled,

the dying were writhing and struggling under the unsatiated knife and tomahawk, while from the bodies of some who had been literally torn open the butchers were drinking the blood, scooped up in the hollow of joined hands, and quaffed amid shouts of victory.

"Horror and fear seized upon me, so that I seemed to be actually suffering from the torments I witnessed; but no long time elapsed before every one was destroyed of the English that could be found.

"Then there went up a general cry from the savages:

"'All is finished!'

"A few minutes after, I heard Indians in the dwelling—for only a single layer of boards covered the floor—and they asked if there were not an Englishman in the house. M. de Langlade replied 'he could not say,' he 'did not know of any,' and added, 'You may examine for yourselves.' Saying this, he brought them to the garret-door, which was placed at the foot of a narrow stairway.

"For a little time there was search for a key, which left me a few minutes to look for a hiding-place. In one corner of the garret was a heap of birch-bark, used in maple-sugar making. The door was unlocked, thrown open, and the Indians ascending the stairs, before I had completely crept into a small opening under the heap. An instant after, four Indians entered the room, all armed with tomahawks, and all besmeared with blood upon every part of their bodies.

"The die appeared to be cast. I could scarcely breathe; but I thought the throbbing of my heart occasioned a noise loud enough to betray me. The savages walked in every direction around the garret, and one of them approached me so closely that, at a particular moment, had he put forth his hand, he must have touched me. Still I remained undiscovered, owing, probably, to the dark color of my clothes, and the want of light in a room that had no window.

"After taking several turns around the room, during which they told M. Lang-

lade how many they had killed, and how many scalps they had taken, they all returned down stairs.

"I sank down exhausted on a feather-bed that lay on the floor, and as soon as the door below was again barred on me I fell asleep, and remained thus till the dusk of evening, when the door opened a second time and awakened me. The person who now entered was M. Langlade's wife, who had come to stop a hole in the roof, as the rain had commenced falling. She seemed surprised to find me there; but told me not to feel uneasy, as the Indians had killed most of the English, and she hoped I might escape. On her going away, I begged her to send me a little water to drink, which she did.

"No sooner did I awake in the morning than the master of the house began to ascend the stairs again, the Indians following upon his heels. Further concealment was in vain; so I rose from my bed and presented myself full in view to the savages. They were all in a state of intoxication, and entirely naked, except a strip of cloth tied round the midst of their bodies. One of them, Wenniway, I had known previously. He was upward of six feet in height, and had his entire face and body covered with charcoal and grease, only a white spot of two inches diameter encircling each eye.

"This man walked up to me, and seized me with one hand by the collar of the coat, while in the other he held a large carving-knife, as if to plunge into my breast; his eyes, meanwhile, were fixed steadfastly upon mine. At length he dropped his arm, saying, 'I won't kill you!' to which he added that he had frequently engaged in wars against the English, and had brought away many scalps; that on one occasion he had lost a brother, whose name was Musingon, and that I should be called after him."

The glad reprieve is now dilated on by our author, who subsequently, however, passes through fresh peril and torture, but is always protected in the sequel by his fiendlike guardian, Wenniway, who does the best he is able for the helpless

victim placed among demoniac furies, "who foam at the mouth in their wild rage."

He is finally dragged out from his several hiding places, and offered bread in token of amity,—"but bread," he exclaims, "with what an accompaniment!" They had a loaf which they cut with the same knives that they had employed in the massacre,—knives still covered with blood! The blood they moistened with spittle, and rubbing it on the bread, offered this for food to their prisoners, telling them to eat the blood of their countrymen!

"On the arrival of their chief, 'Le Grand Sable,' who had just returned from his Spring hunt, the honor was reserved for him of putting to death with his own hunting-knife, the seven men who were shut up in the prison-lodge. Then two Indians, selecting the fattest of the dead bodies, cut off the head and divided the whole into five parts, one of which was put into each of five kettles, hung over as many fires kindled for this purpose at the door of the lodge.

"A summons to the feast was now given by the master of it, 'Le Grand Sable,' the cards of invitation consisting of small cuttings from cedar-wood, about four inches long.

"My friend Wenniway returned in the course of half an hour, bringing in his dish a human hand, and a large piece of cooked flesh, which, although he did not relish it very well, he must follow a custom universal among all barbarous nations, even that of a great war-feast!"

We need not tarry longer among these ancient legends of the brave old English Canadian trader, whose bones have lain for near a hundred years under the sod. He lived long enough to see the mild French domination in Canada and around the great Northern Lakes melt away under a more arbitrary rule of an English monarchy; when, peace being declared, "the traders and a few other settlers saved from the massacre were sent to 'Bay des Puantes' (Green Bay), to be protected by the Ottowas until finally and freely

ransomed at Montreal." Burke did not live long enough to take shelter beneath the flag of our own Republic, which in so few years after floated above the island fort, and has never since dropped its colors before a foreign foe.

On the 10th of June, the day succeeding the slaughter, the Indians, in fear of an attack from the English too strong for them to resist, agreed in council to remove themselves, prisoners, venison, and peltries, to the Island of Mackinac, as being a more defensible position than fort Michilimacinac. This journey being accomplished in a few hours, the first reveillé was sounded on the lonely citadel, June 11, 1765, by the Indian "tum-tum," as it beat a call for the muster-roll. There were found on it three hundred and fifty fighting red men, the first garrison of

warriors that ever occupied this "Islet of the Sea."

And now, when the intelligent traveler approaches the island, when he ascends the gentle mountain that rises in its center, and looks over the restful bay, to the low peninsula beyond, have I not given him something to meditate upon? If one desires an entire change of programme, then let him or her "paddle their own canoe" to the very spot itself, and then stroll for an hour or two along the shore beneath the shade of trees, wherein scarcely a sign of life shall be perceived. Or one can sit down to rest within the circle of the old cedar stockade, now made green and rich in grass and clover, above the graves where the murdered garrison of a hundred men lie buried.

E. S. MARTIN.

PRINCETON AND PHILADELPHIA IN 1761.

WE have before us the manuscript note-book of a minister or missionary among the Indians in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, about the middle of last century. His own name is not in the book, and is lost to us. But the journal contains curious glimpses of social as well as religious life in the New World, when the American States were yet colonies of the old country. We quote the greater part of the entries in the journal for one year, the year being 1761, memorable as that of the accession of George III, during whose reign independence was achieved.

In my late journey to Pennsneck and Salem, which was by presbyterial appointment, I suffered much by reason of the severity of the season. I returned on the 7th of January, 1761, as has been already related in the close of the preceding journal; and the next Sabbath, which was the 11th of the month, I convened the Indians together, and attended two

exercises of divine worship; and the Wednesday following, a meeting in the evening.

Thursday, Jan. 15. — Rode several miles to a cedar swamp, to visit an afflicted family, they having one child lying dead in the house, and the mother in a very weak and low state.

Lord's-day Jan. 18. — Performed divine worship twice with the Indians and others that attended; and spent some time the ensuing week in visiting them at their houses. And the next Sabbath convened them again, and discharged the duties of the day as usual.

Lord's-day, Feb. 1. — Spent the Sabbath at Bridgetown, and in the forenoon preached a funeral sermon for his late Majesty King George II,—his present Majesty having been proclaimed in this province the preceding week. Afterward touched on the happy accession of King George III; and in the close of the latter exercise read his Majesty's royal

proclamation for the suppression of vice and encouragement of virtue.

This week I went to Philadelphia, intending to return toward the latter end; but having the melancholy news of the death of Rev. Mr. Davies, President of the college of New Jersey, I thought it my duty to go to Princeton and attend his funeral. And being desired by several ministers present, I tarried over the Sabbath, and preached one part of the day in the college hall. And being necessarily detained by business, did not return home till toward the end of the week.

Lord's-day, Feb. 15.—This being the first Sabbath of my being at home after the proclamation of his Majesty King George III, in this province, I thought it proper to inform my congregation of the late king's death, and the accession of his illustrious successor, our present rightful sovereign, and gave them a discourse suited to the occasion. In the afternoon I preached a sermon with reference to the much-lamented death of the late reverend and worthy President Davies. Spent considerable part of several days this week in visiting the Indians; and on Wednesday evening convened them for public worship. Toward the latter end of the week I went to Great Egg Harbor; and on Saturday preached a lecture at the house of John English, about forty miles from hence.

Lord's-day, Feb. 22.—Rode fifteen miles, and preached twice at the house of William Reed, on the sea-shore, to a numerous congregation. Rode ten miles the next day eastward, and preached a lecture at Chestnutneck; and after sermon stayed the heads, or principal members of the congregation, to discourse about building a meeting-house. And the same evening rode about twenty-five miles homeward. The next day I passed my own dwelling, and rode to Bridgetown, being called to meet the trustees of the college at Princeton the next day at eleven o'clock. Accordingly, I set out very early in the morning, and arrived there about twelve, having ridden near thirty miles. Business and stormy weather

detained me till Saturday, when I returned home.

Lord's-day, March 1.—Spent the Sabbath with the Indians, and performed divine service both parts of the day in the usual manner; and on Thursday evening convened the Indians again, and attended the worship of God. Spent some time this week with the Indians about their temporal business, particularly with regard to preparing their ground for corn and other seed.

Lord's-day, March 8.—Spent the Sabbath at Nefhamina, about forty-five miles from hence, by order of presbytery, Mr. Beatty not being yet returned from Europe. The next day I preached a lecture at Abington, in my way to Philadelphia, the Rev. Mr. Treat, minister of that congregation, being confined by sickness. Had a very ill turn in town, probably by a cold I had taken, the weather having been very stormy and uncomfortable; but through divine goodness, it did not continue long so sharp. As soon as I was a little recovered I returned home, but was obliged in a great measure to confine myself to my house for some days.

Lord's-day, March 15.—I ventured to the meeting-house, though under great bodily indisposition and some danger, and performed divine service in my usual manner. The next Thursday I convened the people together again in the afternoon for divine service, and gave them a discourse pointing out the duty of Christian neighbors one to another; and when divine worship was ended, settled a temporal affair about which there had been some difference.

Lord's-day, March 22.—Preached to the college in Nassau Hall, at the request and by order of the trustees, and returned home the next Friday; and the ensuing Sabbath performed divine service twice among the Indians, as usual. The same evening I conversed with two persons about the great concerns of their souls, one of whom was under considerable awakenings. The next day I preached a lecture to a company of people who are working at a cedar swamp a few miles

distant, at the request of some of the company. And the Wednesday following I convened the Indians in the evening, and gave them a discourse upon industry, pointing out the great evil of idleness, and exhorting them to honest, diligent industry, as being friendly both to their temporal and spiritual good.

Lord's-day, April 5.—Rode to Woodbury this morning, the preceding day having been stormy and unfit for traveling, and attended two exercises of divine worship; and the next day preached a lecture at Timber Creek, and returned home the same evening.

Lord's-day, April 12.—Spent the Sabbath among the Indians, and performed divine service both parts of the day in my usual manner; and the Wednesday following attended an evening meeting. The next Friday I rode to Wading River, twenty miles on my road to Manuhocking, and preached a lecture to a considerable congregation. Proceeded on my journey to the sea-side, and spent the Sabbath at Manuhocking, attending two religious exercises. The Tuesday following I rode up the shore northward about sixteen miles, and preached a lecture, and returned home the latter end of the week.

Lord's-day, April 26.—Kept Sabbath at home, and performed divine service twice, preaching two short discourses—one for the Indians, the other for the white people—at each exercise; and the next Thursday attended an evening meeting.

Lord's-day, May 3.—Kept Sabbath at Pennsneck, upwards of fifty miles from hence, and attended two exercises; then rode to Salem, and preached an evening sermon in a private house. The next day I preached a lecture in the courthouse, and the day following left Salem, and came homeward.

Lord's-day, May 10.—Spent the Sabbath with the Indians, and performed divine service both parts of the day in the manner above related. The next day I set out for Salem again, upon special business relative to the mission and my

residence among the Indians, and returned toward the end of the week. After I came home, I was seized with an extraordinary epidemical cold; but, as it took me just before the Sabbath, I was not disabled from performing divine service, though afterward I was confined to my room for several days. This week the synod began to sit in Philadelphia.

Lord's-day, May 24.—Being now considerably recovered of my illness, I was able to attend divine worship both parts of the day, as usual. The next day I rode to Philadelphia, where the synod was sitting; and, business being concluded on Tuesday evening, set out the next morning, in company with a number of my brethren, for Princeton, to attend a meeting of the trustees of the college, and continued there the remainder of the week.

Lord's-day, May 31.—Kept Sabbath at Princeton, and heard two of my reverend brethren with much satisfaction and delight, and continued in town two days after. The principal business of this meeting was the election of a president, to supply the place of the late reverend and worthy Mr. Davies; and several of the trustees being sick with that epidemical cold above mentioned, it was with great difficulty that a quorum of the body could be obtained, without which neither this nor any other business could be transacted; and those of the corporation already convened were obliged to send several expresses to distant members, which occasioned so long a tarry at Princeton. In the conclusion, the Rev. Mr. Samuel Finley, minister of the Gospel at Nottingham, in Pennsylvania, was elected. Being appointed to transact some business in Philadelphia relating to the college, I did not return home till toward the end of the week.

Lord's-day, June 14.—This week I took a journey to Cohonsey, about fifty miles. Preached three lectures, and returned on Saturday evening.

Wednesday, June 24.—Was kept as a solemn fast, in compliance with an order of synod, and two exercises were relig-

iously attended. The next day I set out for Princeton, and in my way thither preached a funeral sermon at the desire of one of my brethren.

Lord's-day, June 28.—The Rev. Mr. Finley not being yet arrived, I performed divine service in the college hall, by the appointment of the trustees at their last meeting. The next day I rode eighteen miles homeward, and preached a lecture at Bordentown, and administered the ordinance of baptism.

Lord's-day, July 5.—Convened the Indians together, and attended two exercises of religion in our usual manner. The next day I rode fifteen miles to the Forks of Egg Harbor, and preached a lecture; and on Wednesday convened the Indians, and gave them an evening sermon.

Lord's-day, July 12.—Kept Sabbath at home again, and performed divine service both parts of the day, as usual. This week I rode to Cohonsey, upon some personal business, and returned by Woodbury, where I spent the next Sabbath, attended two exercises, and in the close of the latter admitted a person (with whom I had previously and repeatedly conversed on this subject) to renew his baptismal covenant, and administered baptism to his infant child. The next day I preached a lecture at Timber Creek, and came fifteen miles homeward, but was prevented coming any farther by a heavy thunder-storm. Spent part of this week in visiting the Indians at their respective habitations; and the next Lord's-day convened the Indians from their several settlements in those parts at Bridgetown, and attended three religious exercises, one peculiarly calculated for the Indians, a very considerable number of whom were present and gave devout attention to divine service. On the Wednesday and Thursday of this week I assisted at the examination of those who stood candidates for the first honors of the college, and the next morning set out for New England; but, being hindered by the rain, got no farther than New York this week, and there kept

Sabbath. Prosecuted my journey on Monday morning, accomplished my business in New England, repassed New York, and got to Eliza Town the next Saturday. The next morning I rode to Westfield, and there kept Sabbath, the people being destitute of their minister for that day. The day following I preached a lecture at Springfield, and on Wednesday assisted at the ordination of the Rev. Mr. Roe in Woodbridge. The next day came to college, and so onward to my own habitation amongst the Indians.

Lord's-day, Aug. 30.—Kept Sabbath at Bordentown, to accommodate a small number of Indians who reside opposite to this town in Pennsylvania. I had likewise a view to the white people, who are destitute of the Gospel ministry in these parts. Performed one exercise for the Indians, and another for the English.

Lord's-day, Sept. 6.—Spent the Sabbath at home, and attended two religious exercises; and at the close of the latter administered the ordinance of baptism to an English child, the parents residing near this Indian settlement. The next day I rode to Cohonsey, and returned the Thursday following; and the next day preached a lecture at the Forks of Little Egg Harbor, about fifteen miles from hence.

Lord's-day, Sept. 13.—Kept Sabbath at home, attending two religious exercises; and toward the close of the latter administered the ordinance of baptism to an infant, a child of one of the Indians.

Friday, Sept. 18.—Convened the Indians together this evening, and attended divine service in our usual manner.

Lord's-day, Sept. 20.—Spent the Sabbath again with the Indians, and attended the worship of God both parts of the day, as usual. Also administered baptism to an infant, the child of Dutch parents in this neighborhood. Attended commencement this week at the college in Princeton.

Lord's-day, Oct. 4.—On my return from Princeton, I kept Sabbath at Penns-

borough, the place where the Indians reside, mentioned August 30th. Attended two exercises among the Indians; then crossed the river, and preached an evening sermon at Bordentown. The next day but one I rode to Philadelphia, and was detained there with business till the latter end of the week.

Lord's-day, Nov. 1.—Toward the end of the week I rode to Manuhocking, and there spent the next Sabbath, attending the usual exercises of divine worship in the day; and likewise in the evening, at a house about a mile distant, to accommodate a person who was not able to come out. The next day I rode twenty miles, and preached at Wading River, and the day following returned home.

Lord's-day, Nov. 15.—Performed divine service in the forenoon with the Indians; in the afternoon at the Forks of Little Egg Harbor; and the Tuesday following attended an evening meeting with the Indians.

Lord's-day, Nov. 22.—Spent the whole Sabbath-day at home, and performed the usual exercises of God's worship both parts of the day. The next day I visited a sick person, spent some time in conversation, and concluded with prayer. Toward night, I set out on a journey to the southward, and lodged at the Forks of Little Egg Harbor. The next day I rode near twenty miles, and preached toward the head of Great Egg Harbor River to a larger congregation than heretofore in this place. The day following, I rode down the river eight or ten miles, and preached again in a private house to a crowded audience; and the next, near the mouth of the river, accommodating some on the sea-shore; then crossed the bay, and preached an evening sermon on the north end of Cape May. The next day I rode about twenty-eight miles on the cape, and preached an evening sermon; and the day following returned, and preached again at the north end of the cape; and crossing the bay the same evening, rode about five miles to my place of lodging.

Lord's-day November 29.—Rose early

this morning, and rode thirteen miles on the sea-shore northward, and officiated twice to the largest congregation I had ever seen in this place. The next day I preached near the mouth of Little Egg Harbor, about ten miles to the northward of the place I was at on the Lord's-day; and the next, at a place called Cedar Bridge, fourteen miles on my way homeward; and the day following, at the Forks, ten miles from the last mentioned, and came home the same evening. In this round of lectures, I promoted a subscription for the settlement and support of the Gospel ministry in this large township of Great Egg Harbor, and got near eighty pounds subscribed, to be continued annually for that pious use. After my return home, I was very unwell for two days, and unfit for any business. On Saturday next, being the 5th of December, I convened the Indians together, and spent a suitable portion of time in the holy exercises of religion.

Lord's-day, Dec. 6.—Rode this morning about fourteen miles to Wepinck, the old Indian town, and attended divine worship there, accommodating myself to the Indians, and likewise to the white people, a number of whom were present. In the afternoon preached at Bridgetown to a crowded assembly. The next day I proceeded eastward, spent some time at the college in Princeton, transacting some business relative to the mission. Then rode to Perth Amboy, to pay my duty to Mr. Hardy, a gentleman lately arrived with the King's commission to take the seat of government in this Province. Performed the several businesses I went out upon, and returned home the next Saturday evening.

Lord's-day, Dec. 13.—Spent the entire day at home, and, having convened the Indians, attended the usual exercises of the Sabbath, and an evening lecture Wednesday following.

Saturday, Dec. 19.—Rode about seventeen miles, and preached in a Dutch neighborhood; and the next day kept Sabbath at Timber Creek, and performed the usual services.

Monday, Dec. 21.—Convened some of the Indians, and assisted them about a secular affair.

Lord's-day, Dec. 27.—Spent the whole Sabbath with the Indians, and performed divine service both parts of the day in the usual manner.

Tuesday, Dec. 29.—Assisted the Indians again in some of their temporal concerns. The next day I rode to Philadelphia to procure some necessaries for housekeeping.

The note-book from which these extracts are taken, and many letters from Jonathan Edwards, Witherspoon, Burr, and other distinguished divines of New Jersey, are in the possession of the representatives of a family in Scotland, with whom these good men corresponded. The present extracts, while having special interest to those who are acquainted with the history of Princeton, afford curious glimpses of life in America more than a century ago.

ONLY HANNAH.

CHAPTER I.

THIRTY years ago that old house on the corner of Frink Street looked a great deal older than it does now. The front has been raised up, and a new story put under it; the bay-windows have been added, and pretty green blinds screen the once unsheltered doors and windows from the scorching rays of the Summer sun. Inside, the old house has been remodeled and touched up with new paint and paper, new carpets and spruce furniture, till it has scarcely a suggestion of the place where Hannah was born, thirty years ago.

Not even the view from the windows remains the same. None of the New England towns which have undergone the wonderful change from a farming to a manufacturing district has been more altered in its general features than this. I remember it well when a few straggling farm-houses with their inevitable out-buildings were the only reminders of human life within an area of two miles. Now this space is thickly populated, crowded with business of many kinds; and tasteful residences, costly churches, and other public buildings, lift their showy spires, towers, or cupolas as proudly as if they were ages old, rather than the achievements of yesterday. On either

bank of the river, far up toward its fountain between the mountains, are long streets lined with new homes and the manufactories whose presence has wrought all this marvelous change since Hannah was born, thirty years ago.

It is difficult to realize she ever had a season of babyhood like other children. It must have been shorter than the cooing, petted, trustful days belonging to infancy in general; for the mother died when she was only two years old, and she was not quite three when another mother arose who knew not Hannah.

The new mother was not unkind to the little orphan, who shrank timidly from her notice when she was first placed under her care. She was simply indifferent. There had been no one to fill the child's head with foolish prejudice against step-mothers, and she was too young to understand the relations which the stout, bustling woman held to her. There was no pretense of affection on either side.

"She'll never set the world afire with her beauty," said the step-mother, after one scrutinizing glance that took in every detail of the little figure before her. "Light hair, pug nose, eyes of no color in particular, and complexion the same. Humph!"

"She is a good little girl," said Mrs. Gerry, who was the nearest neighbor, and who had often been in since Hannah's mother died to offer assistance to the broken family. "One of the sweetest tempers in the world," she went on, stooping down as she spoke to kiss the wistful face upturned to hers.

"That may be true; but any one with half an eye can see that she has no gumption."

Can any one outside of New England define gumption? or give one-half of its manifold meanings? It has no relation to society manners or accomplishments, and the word faculty but partially expresses it. It is comprehended by instinct. It can be understood, but not explained. And when Mrs. Hartley declared that Hannah, in her third year, was destitute of it, she might as well have pronounced her deficient in common sense.

"You'll see," said Mrs. Gerry, shaking her head oracularly. "Just wait till she gets old enough to show what she is."

But no one waited for that to ascertain the child's capacity. Indeed, no one in her home seemed at all interested in the matter. Her presence was as nearly ignored as it could be and allow her an existence. She was not four years old before any thing that concerned her was summarily settled by the brief question, "What does it matter? It's only Hannah?"

It was curious and pathetic also, to notice how very soon the child's natural freedom and playfulness changed into a quaint womanliness that cared thoughtfully for every interest excepting her own. The little face at first often wore a puzzled look, as if she were trying to understand how she happened to be an inhabitant of the world, and yet be of no account in it. Not that she ever rebelled against the injustice of her position, but there must have been through all her life an under-current of speculation upon the subject. It is not in human nature to become "only Hannah" without giving a thought to the subject; and she

must have begun very early in life to ponder over the mystery of her existence without any rights or any acknowledged identity. In whatever method she settled the question, it did not sour her temper, or make her dissatisfied with her condition.

No one was positively unkind to her. She was not abused or scolded. She had plenty to eat, and was comfortably clothed; not clothed, indeed, in the fanciful dresses that bedecked her brothers and sisters who were born under the new *régime*; there was never a gay ribbon tied around her waist, or a bit of embroidery put on to finish her little sleeves; there were no flowers or laces to set off her best hat, and no fancy slippers or boots upon the active little feet.

"Comfortably clothed!" That expresses it so far as the physical nature was concerned, and Hannah was not credited with æsthetic tendencies. Yet, inasmuch as the lack of beautiful adorning may have helped her to secure the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price, and so enabled her at last to wear the white robes prepared for God's beloved ones in heaven, we will not lament that never, in all her life, was she seen with a bit of useless finery upon her person.

There was another difference between her lot and that of her half sister and brothers. She was never brought forward to show off her accomplishments before company, for it never occurred to any one that she might have any talent to exhibit. Mabel was drilled patiently to repeat the childish hymns that are so prettily lisped by baby lips at the Sunday-school, and Hannah was permitted to assist in the drilling by a constant repetition of the words till they were caught by the memory of the young learner, and were ready for the delectation of admiring visitors.

"I do wish," said one of these, after a call on Mrs. Hartley, in which Mabel had shown off all her attainments, "I do wish I could stay in that house five minutes

without being called upon to flatter that red-headed young one. It is such a bore."

"Yes," said the friend who had accompanied her, and whose face wore an unusually grave look as she listened to this unflattering comment, "it is a bore. But is it quite right, do you think, to express such admiration for what is really so tiresome?"

"Was it that notion that made you so silent?"

"Not wholly, though I do think it wrong to bring children forward in that manner. It soon takes away the pretty shy modesty that is a child's chief grace, and no after training can ever restore it. It is a sad sight to see a mother go deliberately to work to make her child bold, and therefore disagreeable. But I was thinking of that pale little girl who was carrying that big baby around in the kitchen. Did you not see her through the door when Mrs. Hartley went out to get the sugar that paid her little one for the trouble of showing off?"

"Yes, I saw her. The last time I was in there I saw her in the same employment, and inquired who she was. I thought she might be some child who had been benevolently taken from the poor-house."

"Is that the case?"

"No; though I did not learn so much as that from Mrs. Hartley. She answered indifferently, 'Oh, it's only Hannah,' and then went on glibly to speak of the budding excellencies of the boy-baby in the little girl's arms. I learned afterward that she was the step-mother of the tiny nurse."

From her position in the background, Hannah was permitted to admire the brilliant juveniles around her. This she did with all her heart, and without a question of their superiority to herself. Her memory retained the childish verses that they recited, and she was fond of singing them to herself over her work.

She was always at work. She could not remember when she began to darn old stockings and knit new ones. The lighter parts of the kitchen work had

been hers from the time that she was large enough to handle a broom, and all the disagreeable domestic drudgery slipped into her hands before she was a dozen years old. All day long the willing little feet ran hither and thither to save the steps of other little feet as well as older and stronger ones. Alas that no loving appreciation of her labors should have cheered the lonely childish heart; that no genial sympathy in her efforts or herself made the burdens light!

Older people turn naturally to their fellows for words of encouragement. True, they do not always find what they seek, or gather cheer in the hour of sorrow from the happier ones around them. There are many "only Hannahs" scattered even among the Christians, whose Master's mission on earth was to establish a kingdom of love.

A widow lady whose early life, and the best of her mature days, had been spent in active service for the needy ones around her, found herself, in old age, a helpless invalid. She had outlived all the dear ones who had made life desirable.

"If there were only one to care when I suffer," she said once, when, for a moment, her strong spirit bowed before her constant bodily torture, "I think I could bear it cheerfully. It makes me worse to speak of it to indifferent people. The human heart craves sympathy. God has made it so. Why, I think sometimes that if my husband or my mother could come back from the grave long enough to say 'I'm sorry for you,' I could suffer for months, without again losing my courage."

Hannah had no memories of love or sympathy to aggravate her loneliness. Mrs. Hartley would have opened her eyes with indignant astonishment if she had suspected that the child presumed to feel lonely when she was not allowed to be a moment by herself. And perhaps it was best that she had no time to brood over her trials. Especially as it is doubtful whether she thought she had any troubles to lament. She just lived and

thought and moved for other people, and left herself out of the question.

"Here, Hannah! Come here! Where are you? I want my cap!" shouted sturdy little Asa, running into the kitchen one morning. Hannah was half hidden behind the huge piles of milk-pans and breakfast dishes that she was preparing to wash, but she came forward as soon as she heard his voice.

"I want my cap," he repeated.

"Where did you leave it?" asked Hannah.

"I don't know. Somewhere. You come and find it for me."

"Yes. Go, Hannah," said his mother. "Or stay a moment and measure Mrs. Gerry's milk. She is coming after it."

"I can't wait," said Asa. "Come along now, Hannah."

"Can't wait for what?" asked Mrs. Gerry, who looked with any thing but favor upon the spoiled boy. He did not answer, but pulled Hannah's sleeve, and so managed to make her spill part of the milk she was handing to Mrs. Gerry.

"Do be careful, Hannah," said Mrs. Hartley, impatiently. "Just look at that slop on the floor. Take the pitcher back and measure the milk again."

"Get my cap, Hannah; I can't wait. I want it now," screamed Asa, beginning to hop across the floor, in imitation of a toad that he had been worrying in the back-yard.

"He's so full of life!" said the fond mother. "Now, Hannah, run and find the hat. And be quick,—the work is all behindhand this morning."

"Does Asa never wait on himself?" asked Mrs. Gerry.

"Not often. He is never still enough to do any thing. He will have to learn some time. Hurry, Hannah!"

Hannah came in out of breath, but without the hat. Asa stopped his play at once.

"Now, Hannah," he whined, "why did n't you get it? I want it."

"I can't find it. You must have left it out of doors."

"Well, why don't you go out and see?"

"The dish-water is getting quite cold, ma'am," said Hannah, turning to the mother.

"I can't help it. There will be no peace till the hat is found. Look in the back-yard. Of course the hat is somewhere."

Hannah ran out again, and Asa recommenced his noisy sport. Mrs. Gerry waited curiously to see the result of the search.

Presently a loud cry from the yard brought them all to the door. There lay Hannah, who had fallen from the top of a high wood-pile, upon which she had climbed in her efforts to disengage the missing cap from an upright pole where the boy had himself hung it.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the startled mother; "it's only Hannah. How you did scare me! I thought it was Tom or Mabel. I sha'n't get over it to-day."

Hannah picked herself up in silence. She evidently expected no sympathy. The fact that she was "only Hannah" seemed to be a sufficient reason, even to herself, why her aches should pass, unnoticed. She went quietly into the house, and gave the cap to the boy, who received it with a loud laugh.

"I hid it up there," he said, exultantly.

"O, you young rogue!" exclaimed his mother, laughing; "you do beat all! What will you be up to next?"

Mrs. Gerry's eyes followed Hannah pitifully.

"There is a bruise on your forehead," she said, kindly. "I would put some brown paper and vinegar on it, if I were you."

"Let me see it," said Mrs. Hartley, coloring, as she detected the shade of pity in Mrs. Gerry's voice. "Oh, that is nothing."

"It is swelling rapidly, Mrs. Hartley."

"Is it? Well, I never should have thought you would be one to notice every little bump that a child gets. They expect rubs and knocks, and get used to them. If you had as many children as I have, you would have your hands too full

of work to get time for needless fussing. Put something to that little bruise if you want to, Hannah. But hurry about it, for the dish-water is getting stone cold."

Hannah did not avail herself of the ungracious permission, but went resolutely about the work assigned her.

The kind neighbor left, with her whole soul, as she expressed it, boiling over with indignation.

"I shall never be able to tell why I did not shake that hateful boy," she said to her husband, when he came in to dinner. "And his mother too, for that matter."

"I am very glad that you saved your strength for home use," replied her husband, who had listened to her account of the morning's adventure with the most aggravating calmness. It was a way he had when she was over-excited.

"Hannah's hurts were of no account!" she continued. "If it had been Mabel, the child would have been petted and coaxed half a day. It makes all the difference in the world whose back aches. There are some poor creatures who are supposed to enjoy pain. I shall give those Hartleys a piece of my mind yet."

"Oh, no, you won't; because it would do no good, and you would only get their ill-will for your reward."

"If Mr. Hartley had the spunk of a mouse, he would interfere."

"Perhaps he sees no reason for interfering."

"He is n't quite a fool, Robert, though he acts like one. He can't help seeing what goes on under his nose. I tried once to stir up his sense of justice. I might as well have talked to Carlo."

"What did he say?"

"Not much. He has a way, that some other men have, of not appearing to hear what is not agreeable to him. Do you remember the time when you tried to convince him that it would be a good thing for the town to have a railroad through it? He did not seem to hear your arguments, but prosed away on his own line, as if there had not been a word said on the other side."

"Yes, Fanny, I remember it," said

Mr. Gerry, laughing as he recalled the time she mentioned.

"Well, he acted just so when I spoke of Hannah. I said it was a shame to let such a mite of a child work from morning to night, without a moment for rest, to say nothing of play."

"That was plain enough, certainly. What did he say?"

"He said it would be a prime day for making hay, if the fog should blow off."

"So you gave up the idea of stirring him up, as you phrase it."

"Yes. I went in there last evening after my milk, and there was such a noise in the keeping-room that I thought the house was coming down. Mrs. Hartley laughed at my astonishment, and explained that it was that young Tom's birthday, and the rest were celebrating it. 'They are all cutting up as if they were possessed,' she said; 'but, as I tell John, birthdays come but once a year, and we can put up with the racket for a few hours.' 'Yes,' said John Hartley, who sat in the corner, as straight and about as handsome as a stove-pipe, 'yes, I like to see children have a good time.' 'I saw a light in the back-kitchen,' I said, as pleasantly as I could, for my voice grew sharp in spite of me, 'and I thought there was some one at work there.' 'Oh, that was only Hannah. She is paring and quartering apples,' said Mrs. Hartley. 'Speaking of apples,' said John Hartley, 'do you know if Deacon Allen has many this Fall? Ours are gnarly and small, and we have but a few bushels, any way.' 'No; I do n't know any thing about Deacon Allen's fruit. But if I were Hannah I should be glad you have so few. They will be cut up and strung the sooner.' 'Oh, as to that,' struck in Mrs. Hartley, 'Hannah do n't mind. She likes to cut apples as well as to do any thing else.' Now, Robert, can you tell me why I did n't ask if Hannah's birthdays were celebrated? Or why I did n't tell them that it was a sin and a shame to slight the poor child, besides overworking her?"

"I suppose it was restraining grace

that kept your tongue from evil," he answered, seriously. He was sorry for Hannah in his own way, though he never encouraged his wife in her comments upon the child's condition.

"I shall do it sometime," she went on. "I know I shall. If Alice Hartley can look down from the skies and see how her motherless child is treated, I think she can scarcely be happy in heaven."

"Is the child unhappy, Fanny?"

"Well, no. That is the most aggravating part of it. She has no idea that she was intended for anything except for 'only Hannah.' She was actually singing over those miserable apples that were all skins and cores just like their owners."

"Then she can sing. That is worth something, surely. The rest of the family have not much music about them, have they?"

"About as much as a parcel of tree-toads. Hannah takes the gift from her mother. Alice Hartley was the sweetest singer in all this region. Hannah has to sing the small Hartleys to sleep every night. I believe the old folks manage to get to sleep without her help. The worst of it is, that Hannah seems to like it. She will sing one piece after another for hours, if they require it. Where she ever learned so many is a mystery. Her eyes light up when she is singing, and she seems to fancy herself in paradise."

"I think your pity for her is thrown away. She must be a happy child, after all."

"But not happy *like* a child, Robert. Can't you see the difference. There is a thoughtfulness about her that is not natural. It goes to my heart. She never laughs out merrily and carelessly like other children. All the cares of the household rest on her slender shoulders. It is not right."

"Still, as she is happy and no one really abuses her, I think—"

"I think," interrupted his wife, "that it *is* abuse to let a child live alone in the world. To give her no motherly love, no family sympathy, no words of tender

personal interest. I should rather be snubbed and scolded all day than to have the folks around me ignorant of my existence otherwise than as a useful machine. If I die, may the good Lord deliver my children from such a fate!"

Robert laughed at her earnestness, and pointed significantly at two girls who stood by the window noisily contending for their separate rights in some bits of colored prints that they were fashioning into dolls' dresses.

"There is no occasion for you to worry on that score," he said. "They seem capable of asserting themselves at present. Neither of them exhibits a decided leaning toward saintship."

There were other neighbors who showed at times a pitying interest in Hannah; but, as Mr. Gerry remarked, the pity seemed to be thrown away, because the child herself had apparently no idea that she needed it. It would have been no act of kindness to open her eyes to ills that she did not realize, especially as they could not be helped. As the years passed, people outside the family became used to her being "only Hannah."

It was wonderful, if any one had taken pains to notice it, how she secured anything like a common education in books. She could not be spared to attend school regularly,—but fortunately, if not provisionally, the younger Hartleys were all dull scholars, and so it became one of Hannah's duties to read the lessons aloud and repeat them over and over, till they were impressed upon their reluctant memories. Of course, she could not do this without acquiring an accurate knowledge of the lessons. Her naturally fine mind took in eagerly the wisdom that was so distasteful to the unwilling students for whose sole benefit they were repeated, and afforded her many pleasant thoughts when her hands were busy with the household labors.

In process of time Hannah grew into a comely maiden of sixteen, eighteen, and so by gradual steps up into the twenties. But she was "only Hannah" still. Her brothers and sisters grew likewise, and

their wants kept pace with their growth. Two baby-sisters died in one week of scarlatina. They were twins, and had been a heavy burden upon Hannah's hands, yet the unselfish sister mourned deeply over their early removal to a better world, not seeing the danger of their growing up to be utterly selfish if they remained in this. Mabel was not suffered to come near them for fear of contagion, and the other children were removed from the house. "Only Hannah" was allowed to risk her life by a steady watch in the sick-room. Even the mother was careful to breathe the fresh out-door air as much as possible.

Death is not always a misfortune. It is rarely so when it comes to the innocent babe, and takes it away while its soul is unstained by sin. For the children born into wordly and selfish families, where the most powerful influence that is brought to the culture of the immortal spirit is "of the earth earthy," death is to be desired rather than life.

Mabel, at sixteen, had developed a fondness for dress and display. If she had also been gifted with a corresponding delight in fashioning her pretty garments, her taste for finery would have been less inconvenient for others. Instead, she had grown indolent as she grew older, and her laziness was dignified by being supposed to result from delicate health. She was never strong enough to do any thing disagreeable. She could rove over the hills and through the woods

for miles in search of ferns and flowers, but her back was too weak to admit of her clearing away the litter that she made in arranging them. No one ever expected any useful work from her.

Sewing machines were not then in common family use, and the only machine for sewing that the Hartleys could depend on was Hannah. There was no end to the work that Mabel made for her. There was always something to make up or alter. The alterations were the most trying, for Mabel was "very particular," as her mother phrased the caprice that no changes could quite satisfy.

The boys, or rather, the young men, who had been waited on as children, made incessant demands upon the elder sister's time and patience. They were stout, healthy fellows, who assisted their father manfully in out-door labors, but who seemed to lose the power to help themselves as soon as they entered the house.

And the mother, who had not been remarkable in her youth for her love of work, became yet more indolent as increase of flesh rather than increase of years, made it more difficult for her to get about. She would sit in her great rocking-chair by the window all day, just jogging herself backward and forward, and making suggestions in regard to the work of Hannah or the recreations of Mabel. Especially was it her delight to watch her daughter as she tried on the various bits of finery that made up her dress.

H. C. GARDNER.

LINES TO A ROBIN.

SWEET little bird! along the path
 Where fallen leaves and flowers lie,
 Thy mellow song sweet music hath
 To turn the shadows in mine eye.
 Full of strong life, thy voice is heard
 Amidst so much that speaks of death,

Singing when every other bird
 So little in my garden saith.
 When it shall be my time to die,
 Come to my window, little bird,
 That I may say a last "good-bye,"
 And hear again this song just heard.

THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

'MID low green mounds where sculptured marbles gleam,
And willows' graceful branches bending sweep
Above fair lilies, whose sweet blossoms seem
To speak of those who gather here to weep,
There lies a grave untended and alone;
No willow bends, no snowy lilies nod;
At head or foot there stands no sculptured stone
To tell who slumbers underneath the sod.

One nameless grave among so many known
And cherished in the heart's recesses deep;
So many all are proud to point and own
As friends beloved, and fallen here asleep.
One nameless grave! But o'er the wide green earth
Wherever foot of man has dared to tread,
And mortal life ends in immortal birth,
Beside our loved ones lie the unknown dead.

Whether their lives were sad with hope deferred,
Or blessings on their heads were showered down,—
Whether the Master's call with joy they heard,
And gladly went to wear the promised crown,
Or, pale and fearful entered death's cold deeps,
No everlasting arms around them thrown,
We can not know; but God the record keeps.
Why should they lie untended and alone?

They are not ours we say; they are not missed
From out our homes. With us they had no share.
Not ours; but other lips have fondly kissed
These speechless lips that can not ask our care;
And other eyes for them with tears were wet
When time and distance broke each tender tie;
Perhaps for some, dear friends are watching yet,
Not knowing how they died, or where they lie.

Ah! we would weep in bitter grief to-day
If one we loved from the home-nest had flown
And fallen in some region far away,
His final resting-place to us unknown.
Then, while we stand beside each sacred mound,
Where deathless love in many an emblem waves,
Oh, let it all alike be hallowed ground,
And place a tribute on the nameless graves.

SADIE BEATTY.

GREEN LAKE, COLORADO.

[WITH STEEL ENGRAVING.]

GREEN LAKE, in Colorado, is one of the many wonders of the Rocky Mountains. It is a most beautiful and romantic scene; and the sight of it is well worth a trip, not only across the plains, but even across the Atlantic. The surroundings of this lake are among the wildest and most rugged in Colorado. It occupies an altitude of ten thousand feet above sea-level. There are but very few higher lakes in the world. One on the southern slope of Gray's Peak lies at an altitude of about twelve thousand feet; but it is small, having an area of not more than perhaps an acre. The Rawan Rhud Lake, on the Himalaya Mountains, the source of the Rutledge River, is said to be fifteen thousand feet high, and Lake Sirikol, from which the river Indus takes its rise, is nearly fourteen thousand feet above the Indian Ocean.

Green Lake is about three thousand feet long, two thousand wide, and eighty deep, and contains about three hundred million cubic feet of water, and there is water enough passing through it to supply a large city. Georgetown, three miles below, has an altitude of eight thousand five hundred feet, consequently there is a fall of fifteen hundred feet in three miles, which would give it one of the finest water-works in the world; but as it is already supplied by the same pure snow-water running through it, there is no need of Green Lake for a reservoir.

The formation of this emerald gem of the mountains, and the color of its water, may be of interest to the readers of the *REPOSITORY*. There is nothing remarkable in the formation of an ordinary lake in low lands, for lakes very naturally form themselves in flat, level lands; but the formation of a lake ten thousand feet high, where there is no soil, and nothing but huge rocks, is a most extraordinary

phenomenon. Before we present our theory of its formation, it will be necessary to give the topography of all its surroundings. It is located on the eastern slope of one of the eastern spurs of the Snowy Range of the Rocky Mountains. These huge spurs are nearly all about twelve thousand feet high, and from ten to thirty miles long. It will therefore be observed that the spur on which the lake is situated rises about two thousand feet above it, and as this spur is not very steep, and the summit is covered with snow the year round, there is a considerable stream of water flowing down the ravine in which the lake is found. Evidences of an ancient glacial gulch, running from east to west, are easily seen by the practical geologist; but just before the little gulch stream comes to the southern end of the lake, it turns due north. When the snows are deep on the mountain, and rapid thaws set in, this stream becomes large, and rushes down the mountain-side with great impetuosity. During the Glacial Age, which terminated some sixty thousand years ago, the floods must have been much greater than at present. This is very evident from the immense drift deposits every-where found. The evidences of enormous moraines are seen all over the Rocky Mountains. These enormous avalanches in shooting down the mountains, by their great weight, plowed deep channels in the soft gneissoid rock, and scooped out the bed of this lake. Here we have the incipient stage of its formation.

As yet we have nothing but the expansion of the lake, as in the Sea of Galilee, which is an expansion of the Jordan. Something more was required; and that was another avalanche of rock at the northern outlet of the stream. This avalanche came from the south-west, and

carried an immense amount of rocky *débris* into the north end of the lake, thus finishing the lake by throwing a high breast of bowlders across the stream. In this manner the lake was formed without human hands, and it is as perfect a lake as ever was made. We say nature made this lake, but what do we mean by the expression "Nature?" We mean God, the great Author of nature. He made it by the operation of laws which are well understood. The evidences of such an operation are clearly seen; there are the loose, square bowlders thrown together pell-mell, forming the breast of the dam, and thus completing the lake.

Nor need we go back to the Glacial Age for such phenomena, for similar avalanches are of common occurrence even in the present day all over the Rocky Mountains. Many have occurred since we have been in the mountains. One, very much like that which formed Green Lake, occurred in Georgetown in 1872. An account of it will help the reader to understand the formation of the lake as we have described it. In the Spring of the year the snow which had lain very deep on the mountains, melted very rapidly. Between Republican and Democrat Mountains there is a deep gulch running nearly due south, and in a rapid thaw large quantities of water flow through it. Whilst this gulch stream was at its highest flow, an avalanche came sliding down from the east and filled up the whole of it to the height of

fifty feet, daming up the water, and making a temporary lake. Had the *débris* thus carried down into the gulch been rock instead of snow, we would have had another mountain lake near by as high and large as Green Lake. But as the breast of this lake consisted of snow, the water from above soon worked its way through, and produced an inundation below. This we consider a strong confirmation of the correctness of our theory.

There is something remarkable about the color of this lake. When standing on the bank and looking at the lake, it appears as green as grass, and when you look at it from a distance of four or five miles it appears as green as a newly mown lawn after a refreshing shower; and yet when you take the water up in a glass vessel, it is limpid, and clear and colorless as crystal. Various opinions are entertained as to the cause of this color. Some of the many *savants* who have visited this lake attribute its color to the existence of an aquatic chlorophyl produced by fresh-water algæ; others ascribe it to a minute aquatic insect, or infusoria, perhaps the mycoderm; while others think it is caused by the existence of some mineral substance which the water holds in solution. This is the opinion of the writer, and the mineral held in solution is very probably the chloride of lime. The chloride of soda gives water a blue tinge, as we see in the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic.

R. WEISER.

OLD AUNT CLARA.

"A THOUSAND recollections weave their bright hues into woof," as I write the name of poor Old Aunt Clara.

There was Myrtle Bank Seminary, situated on a commanding bluff, and occupying a whole square of the quaint old city of Natchez. I can see its romantic walks and sylvan retreats; its rose-

wreathed bowers and vine-clad Summer-houses; its spicy groves, ringing with the incessant trill of a hundred mocking-birds; its hedge-rows and ornamented thickets, almost hidden from sight by a profusion of Cherokee roses; and finally the old-fashioned school-building, the Seminary itself. It was spread out like

an immense mushroom, all latitude and longitude, with not even a low cupola to make up for its decided deficiency in altitude. And just in the rear of this odd-looking structure, shaded by a clump of cottonwood, stood the little cabin of Aunt Clara. To her skillful hands the school-girls of Myrtle Bank were indebted for the most delicious rice-cake, corn-rolls, and crackling-bread, besides a host of other dainties, of which Northern students must necessarily remain in ignorance, because none but a Southern cook, with Southern material at hand, could ever manufacture them. She was, moreover, the confidential friend of every girl in the institution; and it was no uncommon thing to see one or more of them seated by her side, reading to her from the Book of Job her favorite chapters. She was very fond of poetry, and could repeat many a poem by heart; but being very deaf, and somewhat forgetful, she did not always quote according to the "best authority."

Like the most of her race, she was very superstitious, as well as exceedingly credulous; but in cases of real doubt she would generally consult some one of the teachers, feeling sure that they would not impose upon her.

One day she came to my room with a little book in her hand, and, pointing to an illustrated page of an old, worn-out, bareboned horse looking pitifully at his corpulent and apparently well-fed master, she said:

"Miss May, what do you reckon dat ar means?" and she repeated slowly but correctly these lines, which were printed beneath the wood-cut:

"And hast thou fixed my doom, sweet master, say;
And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray;
A little longer hobble round thy door."

"Why, Aunt Clara," I said, laughing, "the old horse was quite a poet, was he not?"

Her countenance immediately brightened, and she exclaimed:

"Then he did write it hisself, after all! Miss Hattie is mighty peart; but she's

fooled me a heap o' times, and she looked like she 'd laid off to do it now; but she 'sisted the beast wrote the potry hisself. She said that in ole times animals of all 'scriptions could talk and read and write, and this poor creeter jest dipped his tail into a mud-puddle and writ the varses on a board fence, and the printer-man come along and copied 'em into his book; and I say that any dumb brute with such an edecation should be 'lowed his free papers."

It is unnecessary to say that I sought a private interview with Miss Hattie, and imparted to that young lady some valuable instruction on the importance of always speaking the truth.

Aunt Clara was fond of music, and it was really a pleasure to listen to her singing, though I have good reason to believe that many of her hymns were composed at the very moment that they were set to music. She had a curious way of pronouncing the word lovely in three syllables, giving the last syllable the long sound of the vowel, making it sound like lov-e-li. She would go about her work singing:

"O come, my lov-e-ly brethring,
And do n't you want to go
And wear that long white robe,
That hangs down behind,
And see your lov-e-ly Lord,
With silver slippers on your feet,
To walk ole Jordan round."

The "silver slipper" possessed a great charm for her, and she never mourned the death of a friend so long as there was the faintest hope that an exchange had been made for the silver slippers. In listening to the conversation of the girls she had picked up many a quotation from the poets, none of which were correct; though they had doubtless taken some pains to mislead her, that they might enjoy a laugh at her ludicrous mistakes. The poor old creature was grievously tormented by the misconduct of her undutiful son, whom she called by the classical name Cicero. He was the impersonation of selfishness and treachery, and would rob his mother of any comfort to

secure himself a pleasure; and she, mother-like, was always forbearing and always ready to excuse his short-comings. I once told her that if Job received the first medal for patience, she would certainly be entitled to the second prize. To this she replied, in a tragic voice and with uplifted hands, "Ah me! how sharper than a serpent's tongue it is to have a toothless child!" When the long vacation arrived, she begged to go "Norf" with us, and we finally permitted her to do so. I am sure I shall never forget the laughable events of that journey. Had she been thoroughly posted on Lord Bacon's advice to travelers, she could not have more faithfully followed out his directions. As the cars were crowded, she could not always sit near us, and on such occasions she would glean all the information possible from those next to her. At one station she was quite interested in a tall, white advertising column, and eagerly inquired whose tombstone it might be? An impish little newsboy, just behind her, immediately informed her that it was the monument of Plantation Bitters, Esq., and pointed to the name in proof of his assertion. She was so delighted to ascertain the last resting-place of this distinguished individual, that she presented the young scapegrace with an orange which I had just given her. When we returned South in the Fall, her acquaintances came from far and near to hear her relate her adventures. She assured them that she had become so "*wanured*" to the perils of travel that she could go from "Norf America" to Natchez without a guide.

But poor Aunt Clara's troubles were yet to come. Her wayward boy became so unmanageable that he was sold to a planter in New Orleans, and his mother's last words to him were, "Cicero, you've done broke my heart, chile. I feel sure and sartin that the boards are now sawed what shall prove my winding-sheet;" and for a long time she wandered about the premises abstractedly, not even rallying sufficiently to sing her favorite hymns. One day she said to me, "I wish Cicero had never been borned, then I should n't

feel so desolate like." "Not so, Aunt Clara," I said; "you must remember, 'It is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.'" She evidently caught at my meaning, though she did not fully understand my words, and I could hear her repeating it to herself as she hurried away. But a few days after, I was shocked to find that she understood me to say, "It is better to have loved a hoss than never to have loved at all." I corrected her at once, not caring to have such a quotation go abroad as my chosen sentiment.

But, alas! Aunt Clara's cup of bitterness was not yet full. Her husband had been hired out in Georgia for a term of years, and shortly after Cicero was sent away, her heart was gladdened by her husband's return. I am sure no conjugal pair were ever more rejoiced to meet after a long separation, or ever greeted each other with more genuine demonstrations of affection; but their happiness was of short duration. He was brought home one night and laid on the little cabin pallet, cold and lifeless, his clothes dripping with the turbid water of the river in which they found him. He had been ordered to go upon the Promenade Bluff and clear away some underbrush along the edge. He had worked his way just below the edge of the declivity, when his foot slipped and he fell, from the height of a hundred feet, into the river below.

Aunt Clara sat down by the straw pallet on which her dead husband lay, and rocked her body to and fro in a most pitiful manner, refusing all comfort, and repeating, with cries and groans, the old wish that she and hers had never been born. It was weeks afterward before I could summon courage to speak to her on the subject of her bereavement. She heard me in silence, and as I turned to leave her, she said, "Oh, Miss May, when you lose a chile, it is like one of your limbs had been cut off; but when your husband goes, your body is cut right in two!"

Poor old creature! she needed no quotation to express the grief of that dark

hour, her own words were sufficiently forcible to reveal the desolation of her heart. She survived her husband but a few months, and I have no doubt she

was well worthy to receive the "silver slippers" which she had so long and so earnestly desired.

MERIBA B. KELLY.

THE SECRET OF UNWORLDLINESS.

MEPHIBOSHETH, the grandson of Saul, with whom the king had graciously dealt, was at Jerusalem. It was during the conspiracy of Absalom. David had been driven from the city by his enemies. Mephibosheth, though devotedly attached to him, had been obliged to remain in Jerusalem. The city was under the sway of a usurper. Most of the inhabitants had submitted to his rule, and accepted the new order of things. Every thing, doubtless, was done to make men forget David, and to render them contented under Absalom's government, and the large majority were satisfied.

The condition of Jerusalem, at that time, reminds us very forcibly of the present condition of the world,—its rightful Lord and Ruler absent, driven out by his enemies; a usurper, the prince of this world, exercising authority in it: the majority of men submitting to his rule, apparently satisfied, taking very great interest and finding very much pleasure in things as they are, though they help to support the reign of evil.

Mephibosheth, however, at Jerusalem, held himself aloof from the party of Absalom. He gave no sanction by his conduct to the usurpation. He manifested no satisfaction with what was then being done. It was no time for him to rejoice, or to be seeking his pleasure or profit among those who were doing what they could to support and prolong the rule of Absalom. He stood aside and only looked in sorrow upon what was transpiring there. He could not take part in it with any zest or joy. He had no heart for what he saw around him, for his heart was with the absent David. That was

the real secret of his conduct. He loved the king, and so long as the king was absent he could find no real comfort and peace in what was being done at Jerusalem, for all the chief actors in that scene were the king's enemies. He could have no sympathy with them in their efforts. He could not stand by and encourage them. David was absent; that was the thought uppermost in his mind; and while the king's exile continued, he could only regard in sorrow what occurred about him, taking the least possible part in it, because it was done either without regard to David, or in opposition to the interests of his kingdom.

Now Christians in the world are very much as was Mephibosheth in Jerusalem. There is much now to awaken worldly ambition, and to gratify selfish pride and carnal desire. There are flattering prospects of profit or pleasure or advancement in some way, if they will take things as they are in submission to the God of this world, and make the most of them. They can have much of the good that pertains simply to the world if they are willing to act as worldly men act. But Jesus is absent, banished from the world as it were, by these same worldly men.

It is only through fellowship with the risen and ascended Savior that we are able to overcome the power of this present evil world. We can not find our life and joy in that in which he has no part nor lot. We can not delight ourselves in the midst of scenes from which Jesus is absent, and where his presence would be an unwelcome intrusion. Fellowship with him will alone enable us to maintain and exhibit an unworldly character.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

ACCORDING to the Papal organ in Rome, *The Voice of Truth* the Maid of Orleans is about to be canonized; that is, to be raised to the catalogue of the saints, four hundred years after her cruel death at the stake. The history of the Maid of Orleans has always been one of great interest to the Catholic Church, and has filled a large place in its annals. When France had been beaten by the English at Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, and virtually lay at the feet of the foreign invader, there suddenly appeared Joan of Arc, a simple peasant girl from the border districts of France, and by her valor and wonderful courage saved her country from total destruction. This marvelous deed has always been held in memory of the Church; for she performed all her works in the name of an overruling Lord, and the head of this Church now steps aside to give her an exceptionally brilliant place in the Papal annals.

In her thirteenth year she is said to have heard a sweet and gentle voice, which said to her that through the favor of God she would be called to rescue France from ruin. For five years she kept this secret to herself, and pondered over the great mission assigned to her. Then, however, it broke upon her in power, and she openly declared that God had called her to deliver Orleans from its enemies, and lead the King of France to Rheims for coronation. All who heard her declared her to be insane, and her parents and relatives did what they could to restrain her from this strange task. But in vain; her faith and zeal overcame all obstacles, and she found her way to the king for some five hundred miles through a hostile country. The king himself would avoid her, but she recognized him among a crowd of courtiers, and pressed into his presence. In

order to prove the pretended God-sent messenger, the theologians of Poitiers subjected her to a strict examination, and were at last convinced of the genuineness of her mission. She received a coat of mail, a standard, a chaplain, and a page, and bid them bring her an ancient sword which lay, as she said, behind the altar of the old Church of St. Catherine. Thus provided she placed herself at the head of the army, and in a week raised the siege of Orleans. Victory soon followed victory, and she then fairly forced the young and indolent king to follow her into the hostile province of Rheims, where she again conquered all opposing forces, and finally led the king to the altar and consecrated him in the sacred spot with the holy oil of France. This great deed ended her divine mission; and had she listened to the voice from above, she would have hastened home; but she lingered amidst these earthly vanities, lost her supernatural power, and finally fell into the hands of her English foes. Her triumphant enemies now subjected her to trial and finally to torture at the stake, whilst the French scarcely raised their hands for her deliverance. But, as the *Voice of Truth* declares, the Church never deserted her; but shortly after her death declared by solemn allocution that she was entirely guiltless of the charges of witchcraft, on which she was burned at Rouen. The vultures, however, had the innocent dove in their hands, and her appeals then to the pope were of no avail, because they were not allowed to reach his ear. As she ascended the funeral pyre, she cried to the attendant monk, "Hold the cross so high that I may see it till the last," and as the ascending flames suffocated her, she expired with the name of Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! on her lips. Some of the Englishmen fainted

at the sight, and others declared they saw a white dove ascend from the flames. When Calixtus III ascended the Papal throne, he appointed the Archbishop of Rheims as President of a Court to examine all the charges against the Maid, and she was declared to be pure and spotless as an angel. Calixtus would then have sainted her had the hatred between France and England at that time not been so great. But her memory has thus been preserved in the annals of the Church, and as Pius IX cares now but little about heretical England, he raises to the list of saints the beautiful girl whom the English once burned as a witch.

PROVINCIAL France still preserves a great many of the superstitions of the Middle Ages, and even now has, at periods, processions in honor of legends that have found credence in the breasts of the peasants for ages. The zealous Catholic population of the beautiful province has had for centuries no more picturesque, quaint, popular festival than the one known as the "Fête of St. Ferreol." This St. Ferreol has the credit of being the patron saint of maritime cities, a character often played by St. Nicholas in the coast cities of the Baltic Sea. On his annual festival day a numerous procession marches through the Grand Court of Marseilles, which, in honor of the festivities, is adorned with flowers and decorated with altars. For centuries the honorable guild of butchers have been present at this festival in the most picturesque costume. They are easily recognized by the ax, the emblem of their profession, as well as the long garments and the peculiar hat in the style of Henry IV, which adorns their stalwart forms. They surround a giant ox, with gilded horns, and on whose broad back, covered with a beautiful rug, sits a handsome youth, dressed as John the Baptist. In the rear follows a numerous company of young girls dressed in white, and decked with ribbons and flowers. Some of these appear as nuns, representing St. Agnes, or St. Ursula, as well as St. Theresa, the patron saint of music. The most beautiful girls appear as Mary Magdalene, bearing a crucifix in their hands. Others choose the garb of the Gray Sisters. Little boys follow them sometimes as angels, and again as

monks, with occasional miniature editions of the angels Gabriel and Michael. Then appears a company of shepherds surrounding their patron saint John, who is clothed in a sheep-skin which partly covers him, as he leads a lamb adorned with ribbons. And now comes a band of singing boys, who swing baskets filled with fragrant flowers, which at a given signal are to be scattered at the feet of the dignitaries. With pious gallantry these little fellows scatter their floral wreaths also to the ladies, who form the spectators to the procession; so that many of these latter are soon adorned with flowers and wreaths that are laid at their feet. Thus the stately procession reaches the port of Marseilles, which is one of the most extensive and lively in the world. All the quays have long been filled with curious crowds, so dense that not a foot can be seen. The deck of every vessel in the naval or the merchant service is crowded with persons in holiday attire, and especially with sailors in gala dress. As the procession passes, the whole assembly bow the knee before the holy image on the crucifix, and the hardy, sun-burned sailors extend their hands to the priests, who impart to them a blessing from the canopy that protects and covers them. The deepest silence and the most fervent devotion prevails among the countless multitude. When the act of blessing is concluded, all the multitude arise, the bells peal forth their merry sounds, the cannons roar, and the festal procession repairs slowly and solemnly to the cathedral whence it set out. On witnessing these mediæval ceremonies it is quite impossible not to seem transferred to other times, and to marvel at the power of that Church which can thus hold in hand the masses that no other power in France seems able to control.

THE Scandinavian lands of Northern Europe have been largely neglected by the average tourist, and but little has been known as to their national peculiarities and customs. Of late years more has been seen and said regarding them, and we learn that the stream of travel is rapidly turning that way during the Summer season. The people of Denmark have of course a struggle with adverse elements in comparison with those of favored Southern climes, and they

afford many examples worthy of copy in their endeavor to meet and conquer adverse circumstances. One of their prominent publicists and philanthropists has recently taken the field against the vices of drunkenness and gambling, which he declares to be greatly encouraged by the long Winter evenings which there prevail, and which are, of course, inductive to idleness among many classes whose occupation can only be carried on in Summer and by daylight. His object is to offer these people acceptable and profitable occupation, which will cultivate a taste for art, and at the same time afford an honorable gain, while it keeps them away from drinking and gaming resorts. To this end he has founded, in various cities and villages of the country, associations, that now number over one hundred and fifty, at the head of which there are teachers who can instruct them in the arts of straw-plaiting, brush-making, wood-carving, inlaid work, and all similar occupations. The surprising success of this experiment has already given rise to the proposition to introduce such occupations into the schools of Denmark, which has been done in some instances. Here, also, the matter has taken so favorable a turn that the Danish ministry has taken it up, and is now in favor of introducing the acquirement of manual skill in these various employments into the common-schools of the land. And this has extended the desire still further until it has invaded the family, and become what they now call a species of domestic industry. The boys and girls around the evening fire are taught the art of making straw hats, lamp-stands, table-mats, baskets, etc., in straw and willow, and spoons, plates, and all sorts of wooden ornaments, and so through the whole category of brush manufactory from the simplest kind to the finest hair-brush. The Danes contend that by this occupation, partly learned in the school, and continued at home, the young people are taught to find labor a pleasure, and are frequently led to a choice of profession for life. And they also maintain that the variety thus afforded in the school and in the home exerts there an excellent influence. The inventions and discoveries in the field of modern industry have nearly banished the loom and the spinning-wheel from the household, and it seems

necessary to introduce some substitute for these, especially in the land of short days and long nights, during which Satan is sure to find enough for idle hands to do.

ONE of the noblest philanthropists of Germany is the now venerable Schulz Delitzsch, who has spent a long life in the endeavor to ameliorate the condition of the laboring classes, and by teaching them the philosophy of living, enable them to secure a little of this life's good to compensate for the sour sweat which they expend in the endeavor to obtain a livelihood. In a recent lecture he gave a very pleasant picture of a training school for girls, which has been one of his special pets. It was opened in January last, and has for its special object to bridge over the chasm between the school and actual life, especially among the classes that need to earn their own livelihood. The course was opened with three hundred pupils, and would soon have had many more had the locality chosen admitted of greater attendance. The plan of teaching is to gather the girls three evenings in the week to instruct them in various kinds of handwork, as well as their own language, arithmetic, bookkeeping, drawing, etc. The zeal with which the pupils accept the advantages offered them is quite encouraging, and gives hope of a wider extent of the system. Arrangements are now being made to have a greater number of the schools established in the course of the year. A committee of ladies has undertaken the task of providing certain proper amusements for the pupils, that the temptation to other and less desirable places may not be too strong. One evening in the week the girls assemble for social enjoyment solely. These consist of popular lectures, singing, and innocent games. Some of the overseeing ladies are always present at these, and are delighted to see the propriety with which these children of the working classes there demean themselves in their amusements, so contrary to the wild and loose habits of the same class of girls when at public places of amusement. This to the lover of the race is the most pleasing feature of the experiment; for the most dangerous temptations to which the young women of the period are exposed are the public places of resort.

WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

THE eleventh female county superintendent was recently elected in Iowa. Mr. Huff, who was the defeated candidate, contested the election of Miss Cook, the successful one, on the ground that a woman was ineligible to the office. Judge Mitchell decided that, under the constitutional test of citizenship, all women in Iowa were ineligible, and therefore Miss Cook could not hold the office, neither could Mr. Huff, as he had not received a majority vote. So the office must remain vacant until a new election. The State Superintendent, the day after Judge Mitchell's decision, drafted a bill which said: "No person shall be deemed ineligible by reason of sex to any school office in the State of Iowa." This was presented to the Legislature and passed the same day, taking effect upon its passage. Mr. Huff has, therefore, the pleasure of knowing that in contesting Miss Cook's right to hold office in the schools of the State he has been the means of forever after settling the question by legislative enactment. Are there not Huff men in other places that will go and do likewise? Several of the Western States have made fair tests of the ability of women to fill these offices during the past ten years. If the women had failed in discharging the duty required of them, the people would certainly not have elected others to the same positions.

—Mrs. C. R. Lowell was nominated by Governor Tilden, of New York, as a State Commissioner of charities, and the nomination was promptly confirmed by the Senate. This is said to be the first instance of a woman receiving an office from the State of New York. The appointment is for seven years, and as there is no salary attached to the office, there is little doubt that Mrs. Lowell will be undisturbed in the possession of it, and perhaps be allowed by the greedy Labans of our age to "serve" like Jacob, other seven years also.

—At the anniversary meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Cincinnati, the Secretary reported of the work of the Union as follows: "We have

committees which regularly visit the jail, the hospital, the work-house, and the home for the friendless, and hold religious services, and converse individually with the inmates. They also distribute tracts, religious reading, Bibles and Testaments."

—At the annual meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, it was stated that the receipts for the year were seventy-seven thousand five hundred and sixty-one dollars, all of which had been applied to the use of the object for which it was raised.

—At the anniversary of the Cincinnati Baptist Church Union, the work of Miss Maggie Schmucker, the female missionary among the Germans, was reported thus: During the past year she had made thirteen hundred and thirty-five family visits, thirty-four visits to the hospital, four visits to the jail, and had distributed fifteen thousand pages of reading-matter, four Bibles, and eighteen Testaments.

—The State of Indiana had, in 1875, eight counties having no saloons; during the current year the number has decreased to three. The recent State convention memorialized the Legislature: "That a State asylum be established for inebriates, where such shall be treated as diseased persons; where such may place themselves voluntarily; or where persons who persist in habits of intoxication may be placed at the instance of relatives and friends."

—During the last Winter the Young Women's Christian Association of Philadelphia furnished 13,539 meals and 1,006 lodgings. The number of applications for employment received was 404; the number of applications from employers, 685. During the last quarter, 633 books were taken out of the library, which now numbers 1,257 volumes. A resolution was passed by the managers to the effect that the unoccupied rooms of the Association should be arranged for the accommodation of women during the Centennial Exhibition. The Seaside House of the Association opened for

boarders June 29th. It is intended for the benefit of working women, and will accommodate eighty persons.

—The male citizens of Toledo, desiring to draw the inhabitants of the Maumee Valley into a Centennial Fourth of July celebration, sent an invitation to the Woman Suffrage Society of Toledo to send representatives to take part in the election of an executive committee. The women politely returned thanks for the implied recognition of their citizenship, but declined the invitation, saying that "American women manifestly have no Centennial to celebrate, as the Government still withholds from them their political rights, and, in a word, holds them in a condition of political serfdom, denying to them the greatest right of citizenship—representation." They recognized the great results which the century had achieved for men, and that there was reason enough for a *he*-Centennial; but they remark that with women it is quite the reverse: "In an equal degree, we feel it inconsistent, as a disfranchised class, to unite with you in the celebration of that liberty which is the heritage of but one-half of the people."

—Says Jennie June in a letter to the *Baltimore American*: "If any hope exists for women outside the drudgery of hard labor, it is in business, in working into the office of distribution, now so largely monopolized by men; but this was voted 'vulgar' by the Women's Department of the Centennial; competition in exhibitions from business houses presided over by women was at first strictly prohibited, and afterward only so far modified as to admit of a few very small and totally unfair and inadequate displays. The consequence is, that there is nothing but mediæval lace and needle-work, good in itself, but offering no new or hopeful possibilities to woman, and the promising, but crude, achievements of the schools before mentioned, to stand as the result of the time, the labor, the money, and the strength expended upon the Women's Department of the Centennial during the past year. This then explains why the articles exhibited in the Woman's Pavilion lean rather to ornament than use; why, it is shown there that the century's progress for women 'has left them carvers of wood and drawers of water-

colors, and embroiderers of bedclothes in divers kinds of needle-work, and decorators of china-ware, and experts in female handiwork;' why, 'there is no one thing therein which displays original inventive power or distinctive capacity,' as has been said by newspaper reporters from every section of the country. The number of models of inventions exhibited by American women is, however, greater than people have supposed. There are seventy-four of them, including a blanket-washer, a mangle, a frame for stretching and dyeing lace curtains, an ironer, bedsteads, easels, a composition building material, window-fasteners, lunch-heater, bureau, traveling bags, life-preservers, dress-elevators, flower-stands," etc.

—Chili is the first country in the world to admit women to the privileges of the ballot throughout the nation.

—The Buffalo school-board has adopted a rule which excludes all married women from being employed as teachers.

—The young ladies of Wellesley College are organized into a fire brigade, and are regularly drilled in their duties.

—A New York lady recently paid a dentist's bill of twenty dollars for dental work performed for the relief of her poodle, which was suffering from the toothache. A poor widow in Kansas, when the thermometer was 14° below zero, and when there was not a particle of fire or fuel in the house, put all the covering she had on her children, and froze to death herself before morning.

—The ladies of all denominations of Cleveland, West Side, have established the Pearl Street Friendly Inn, designed especially for young men, and based on the principle of prevention rather than cure. It is located in a section of the city containing forty thousand inhabitants, and four hundred and forty-five liquor and billiard saloons. It includes a first-class restaurant, perfectly neat in all its appointments, and, so far, very successful. Its free reading-room is well stocked with dailies, and the best magazines of the country. Young men are resorting thither already. The formal opening of the Inn witnessed one of the greatest crowds ever gathered on the West Side, and netted a handsome sum to the ladies.

NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

CLASSIC PROPHECIES.—Two very extraordinary instances have been pointed out of predictions fulfilled to the letter, without straining or roundabout interpretation; where no gift of prophecy was darkly assumed, no imposture intended, and no supernatural agency can by any possibility be supposed. The first is mentioned by the learned Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, in his preface to his sermons on prophecy (1768-9). It is part of a chorus in the "Medea" of Seneca:

"Venient annis
Secula seris, quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet et ingens
Pateat tellus Tiphysque^a novos
Detegat orbes."

This is obviously fulfilled by the invention of the compass, and the discovery of America. The other is in the first book of Dante's "Purgatorio:—"

"J' mi volsi a man' destro, e posi mente
All' altro polo, e vidi quattro stelle
Non viste mai, fuor ch' alla prima gente."

This is an exact description of the appearance of the four stars near the South Pole, and yet Dante is known to have written in the early part of the fourteenth century, long before the discovery of the Southern Hemisphere.

A MISTAKEN PROVERB.—"Feed a cold and starve a fever," is a common saying, which, when taken in the literal sense, has led to dangerous mistakes. The correct reading is directly opposite, and means, "If you feed a cold, you will have to starve a fever." Sensible and useful as our English adages are justly reputed, the tongues of warmer and more southern lands possess a strength and piquancy of which ours is unconscious. With how much more force does the Spaniard express our "Misfortunes seldom come alone," when he says to the frowning visitor, ill-luck, "*Ben vengas, si vengas solo!*" ("Thou art welcome, if thou art unaccompanied.") There is a touching humil-

ity in another saying of the same nation, to which we have no parallel: "*Defienda mi, Dios! de mi.*" ("Preserve me, O God! from my own follies.") The Italian "*Sempre il mal non vien per nuocere!*" ("Misfortune does not always come to injure"), is better than "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good;" while our "When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be," etc., is by no means so comprehensive as "*Passato il pericolo, gabbato il santo.*" ("When the danger is over, the saint is cheated.") Neapolitan and Sicilian sailors use their saints after a singular fashion. When there is either a storm or a calm, they put up an image of St. Anthony against the mast, and call upon him to send a fair wind immediately. If he is sullen or dilatory, they thump him vehemently about the head, or against the deck, depose him for another, and so run through the whole calendar, kicking, cuffing, imploring, and blaspheming, until their wishes are accomplished.

FALLING INTO SCYLLA.—There have been many disputes as to the origin of the line:

"*Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim.*"
"Trying to avoid Charybdis, he falls into Scylla."

Erasmus quoted it with a dissertation, yet acknowledged that he was utterly ignorant of the author. It runs well and smoothly, as if it came from an ancient classic, and has a Virgilian sound. Many bets have been made and lost that it occurs in the third book of the *Æneid*, where the Trojan hero relates to Dido how, when he was in Epirus, the prophet-king Helenus cautioned him to avoid sailing through the Straits of Messina lest he should be wrecked between the rocks and the whirlpool. But the line is not there. It is to be found in a poem little known, by Gualterus Gallus, called, "*De Gestis Alexandri*," a poor version of Quintus Curtius into Latin hexameters. The passage in which it is introduced is as follows, and speaks of the flight of Darius from the field of Arbela:

"Quo tendis inermem,
Rex periture, fugam? Nescis, Heu Perdite nescis
Quem fugias. Hostes incuris, dum fugis hostem;
Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim."

^aTiphys, it will be remembered, was the pilot of the good ship *Argo*, in the Golden Fleece Expedition. See "*Virgilii Bucolica*." *Ecl.* iv, 50, 34; and "*Valerius Flaccus*," *passim*.

SOLIDITY OF ANCIENT STRUCTURES. —

The "Tower of the Winds," at Athens, was built B. C. 550, by Andronicus. The temple of Theseus, at this day the most perfect specimen of the kind, about one hundred years later. Trajan's Pillar, still remaining at Rome, stood in the center of the Forum. It dates from A. D. 100. The architect Apollodorus, expressed himself lightly on a plan submitted to his judgment by Adrian, for a temple. He told the emperor, that if the goddesses and other statues which were seated in the area should take a fancy to rise, they would break their heads against the ceiling; an untimely pleasantry which cost him his life. The Mole of Adrian, now the Castle of St. Angelo, was erected A. D. 120, by Detrianus, who bears the repute of having been a worker of miracles, as well as an able architect. He conveyed the temple of the "Bona Dea" from one station to another long before the *Casa Santa* of Loretto began to travel from Galilee to Dalmatia, and so on to its present resting-place. The miracle of the monks thus loses all claim to originality. Adrian's sepulcher is a huge mass, with little to admire beyond strength and antiquity. The Roman sovereign, in his architectural taste, is well designated by Lord Byron, as the "Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles," and "colossal copyist of deformity." The oldest religious building in a perfect state is the Church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, built by Anthemius and Isidorus, under the reign of Justinian, in the sixth century. It is, therefore, twelve hundred years old. In dimensions and general beauty it is not to be compared to St. Peter's at Rome, St. Paul's, London, or many of the Gothic cathedrals; still it is an object of great interest, from its immense antiquity, and the historical associations. All the Greek emperors, from Justinian, were crowned there, and several murdered at the altar. Six of its pillars are of green jasper, from the temple of Diana, at Ephesus; and eight of porphyry, from the temple of the Sun, at Rome. The dimensions are small; length, 269 feet; breadth, 243 feet. The effect of the interior is perhaps increased by the total absence of all ornament or decoration, while the dome is so light that it almost looks suspended in the air.

AN ACTED CHARADE.—Boursault, in his "Letters," relates an anecdote of Mademoiselle D'Orleans, daughter to Gaston, the brother of Louis XIII, to which he was an eye-witness. She was amusing herself, and endeavoring to get rid of some of the many heavy hours mixed up with the gayeties of a court, by playing with her domestics at the game of proverbs, expounded by gesticulation. She had already found out several, but endeavored in vain to comprehend the meaning of one of her gentlemen, who capered about, made faces, and played a thousand antic tricks. Tired with attempting to discover this enigma, she ordered him to explain himself. "Madam," said he, "my proverb means 'One fool makes many.'" The princess looked on this as a reflection on her imprudence in being too familiar with her servants, and banished the unlucky proverbialist from her presence forever.

REVIVAL OF OBSOLETE WORDS.—There is at present a very strong tendency to the revival of obsolete English and Anglo-Saxon words, and the effect of an increasing study of our ancient literature is very visible in the style of the best prose, and more especially poetic compositions of the present day. Our vocabulary is capable of great enrichment from the storehouse of the ancient Anglican speech, and the revival of a taste for Anglo-Saxon and early English literature will exert a very important influence on the intellectual activity of the next generation. The pedantry of individuals may, no doubt, as the same affectation has done in Germany and Holland, carry puristic partialities to a length as absurd as lipogrammatism in literature, but the general familiarity of literary men with classic and Continental philology will always supply a corrective, and no great danger is to be apprehended in this direction. In any event, the evil will be less than was experienced from the stilted classicism of Johnson or the Gallic imitations of Gibbon. The recovery of forgotten native words will affect English something in the same way, though not in the same direction, as did the influx of French words in the fourteenth century, and of Latin in the sixteenth; and the gain will be as real as it was in those instances.

SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

"PLUCK."

"I tell you, I won't do it. My mother do n't think it's right to play 'keeps,' and I'm going to please my mother, whether you boys make fun or not."

I was passing down a street in the city of I——, when my attention was called, by the words just quoted, to a group of boys playing marbles. I looked and saw a little fellow, about ten years old, standing erect, with his head thrown back, and his fine eyes flashing with excitement.

Ah! thought I, there is a plucky boy; I would like to see him when he grows to be a man. I had only gone a little farther when I heard another boy say to his friend, as they paused in front of a billiard-saloon, "Oh, come along; I'd have more pluck; 'tain't no use to be so squeamish; what's the harm? We do n't mean to drink, but it's lots of fun to see them play." And they passed out of my sight behind the green doors.

I sighed. For I thought how little of promise the future holds for these. Boys, I wonder how often you think of the real meaning of that word "pluck." Are you not apt to think it "plucky" to do independent things,—to disobey your parents, or even to take God's holy name in vain? I saw a boy pass my window this morning with his cap on one side of his head, his hands in his pockets, and a cigar in his mouth. As he strutted by, a little boy, scarcely half his size, carrying a heavy basket, tried to pass; but he pushed him rudely off the walk. No doubt he thought he had acted in a very plucky manner, but good people would say it was a very rude and unmanly way to act.

Pluck is an American word, and I like it. I do n't think there is another word in the language more full of meaning. It always makes me feel sorry to hear it abused, as it is by so many of our boys, and I am afraid sometimes by grown-up folks. It is the very best capital you can have in business, and the best armor in battle; and, better than all, it is the foundation stone of our liberty. It is only a little while since Ohio and Illinois were considered out West, and

we felt that we had almost left civilization behind us when we emigrated to those States. But now "pluck" has driven the West away beyond the Rocky Mountains, and we clasp hands with the Orient before we acknowledge we have been West. As a people we do n't like the idea of "setting suns." Pluck landed the frail *May-flower* at Plymouth Rock; but now, at the close of our one hundredth year, pluck plows the ocean with iron-clads, and ties the continents together with telegraph wires.

But it seems to me the pluck that carries boys into saloons, and into disobedience to parents and teachers, would never have been a good kind of stone to build a nation on. No indeed, you spoil the word; you mistake cowardice for pluck. That was a plucky boy who dared the boys to do their worst, make fun all they pleased, his mother's precepts should be obeyed no matter what came or went; but it was a very cowardly boy who could be enticed into sin because he had not the moral courage to say no to his wicked companions. What the country wants just now is plucky boys. We are starting on another era; the boys of to-day must make or mar our next centennial. You bear a very small part in this one; you have lived too late, so must be content to be lookers on; but the next, 1976, will be *your* record, and is full of great possibilities for plucky people.

MRS. M. L. WELLS.

"LOSING THE HAPPY."

"CHILDREN," said Mrs. Jay, "you may play anywhere in the yard, but do n't go beyond the garden gate. Do you hear me, Peter?"

"Yes, mother," said Peter, looking up from his wheelbarrow. "'Do not go beyond the garden gate.'"

Peter and Jessie, his little sister, had a nice time together. Their play this afternoon led them down to the bottom of the garden, where there was a gate, hasped inside, which opened into a thick underbrush and trees, sloping down to a lower part of the village. This was the forbidden gate.

"I wish we could get into the woods," said Peter; "perhaps we could find a bird's nest. Peter unhasped the gate, and he and Jessie looked round and saw the pretty woods.

"But what did mother tell us?" asked Jessie. "Perhaps she was afraid of bears," answered Peter, "or the water in these woods, or something; but there are no bears. Oh, there's a squirrel on that tree! See him! see him, Jessie!" And away ran Peter to the woods, and away ran Jessie after him. The squirrel hid, and the children went on, hoping to find another. They strayed down a bank, and came to a brook and a little pond. "Mother thought we'd fall into this pool, and that's the reason she cautioned us against coming here," said Peter; "but we sha' n't, shall we, Jessie?" "No," answered Jessie, "we won't." And so they ran round and tumbled about, and picked flowers, and at last got back to the garden gate, safe and unharmed, without any body knowing they went. "Jessie," said Peter, "do n't you tell." "Not if mother asks?" asked Jessie. "She won't ask," said Peter.

Mother did not ask, nor did Jessie tell, and all went on at home as usual. Saturday night, after the children were washed, and Jessie had gone to sleep, Peter and his mother talked a little longer together, as they often did on Saturday night. Peter said, "Mother, I have been in the woods beyond the garden gate this week." "When did you go?" she asked. He told her all about it. "You lost something that afternoon in the woods," said his mother. "Lost something!" said Peter; and he thought of his knife, and his slate pencils, and his ball, and a penny piece in his pocket; he had n't lost one of them, he was quite sure. "Yes," replied his mother, "think a moment what you have missed, for I know you have lost something." Peter for a moment thought his mother must be some spirit; for how could she know when he did n't know himself? "You will recollect if you think," said she. Peter put his head under the bed-quilt, for he began to see he had lost something. "Mother," he at last said, in a little sorrowful voice, "I did lose something in those woods, I did. I lost the *happy* out of my heart." Ah, that was it, and a sad loss it is when a child loses "the happy" out of his heart.—*Sunday-school Banner.*

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WHAT MILLY FOUND.

GRANDPAPA is milking
The red and white cow,
While Milly, too restless
To wait by him now,
Climbs up the long ladder
Into the hay-mow.

A bright little sunbeam,
A blossom, a star,—
All these and much more
Is the child to grandpa.
Ah, what will he say
To her climbing so far?

She would roguishly hide
From his sight if she could;
But see! he has missed her;
The place where she stood
Shows no curly head
In a little red hood.

Hark! now she is calling,
"Look, grandpa, this way;
I's found somfin booful
Up here in the hay."
Milly's eyes shine as bright
As the sunbeams in May.

How grandpapa trembles!
What wild pulses beat,
As he springs up the ladder
With quick, eager feet,
And clasps to his bosom
The truant so sweet.

She shows him, close hidden
From neighbor or guest,
The old Tabby-cat
With four kits at her breast,
All cuddled together
In one hollow nest.

Very proud is old Tabby;
She smooths the soft fur
Of her four little kits
Whenever they stir,
And lulls them to sleep
With her musical purr.

Two kittens are gray,
And two are snow-white,
And one has a tail
As black as the night;
Did ever one see
Such a beautiful sight?

Pet Milly looks on
With her heart full of bliss;
She silently gives
To each kittie a kiss;
No language has she
For a picture like this.

Among all the treasures
Of childhood to-day,
What is there more charming
Than kittens at play?
Such kittens as Milly
Found up in the hay.

MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE is best studied in detail, yet there are advantages in examining some of its departments in their relations to each other. The physical structure of man can be made a study by itself, but specialties in anatomy or physiology can best be learned after the structural affinities in the animal kingdom have been mastered. Professor James Orton has just prepared a manual on *Comparative Zoology* (Harper & Brothers, New York), in which the whole animal kingdom is treated as a unit, and the development and variations of organs and their functions are traced from their simplest to their most complex state. Without encumbering his volume with particulars, it is yet complete enough to present the established facts and principles of zoölogy, and to serve as a text-book for undergraduates in college classes.

Early Man in Europe, is the title of a volume by Charles Rau, and published by the Harpers, New York. The papers constituting it appeared last year in the *Magazine*; and thus intended for popular reading, the author has avoided technical terms and learned criticisms, and has given rather a summary of what is known of the condition of the primitive inhabitants of that continent. Many desire to obtain a general knowledge of the subject, who have no time for perusing the more exhaustive works treating of these historical questions; and this book contains just what they want. It is printed from large type, and copiously illustrated with figures and drawings of the rude cave habitations, stone implements, first carvings on bone, and earliest ornaments of European immigrants. The story is a fascinating one of our barbarian ancestors, and though we get but glimpses of the primitive man of Europe, we know enough to say that he did not live in the age of gold.

KINDRED with the foregoing book, but of a very different character, is Dr. J. W. Draper's *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, in two duodecimo volumes, by the same publishers. It is written in a style that will prove generally attractive, and we have read it with intense interest; but we

do not adopt the author's theory, nor do we regard the facts that he adduces as proof of his conclusions. With him, history moves only in cycles; that as in a man there is a period of infancy, of youth, of manhood, of old age, and of decline, so there is in nations. They have their rise, their grandeur, and their decay, and they must perforce go through all these stages and permutations; nor is the human race, as a whole, different from man as an individual. He finds, as did the Hebrew sage, that "all is vanity;" that there is at last an end of all perfection; that our civilization, our philosophy, and our religion, are all subject to decay, and do decay, and there is nothing beyond. It is the philosophy of despair rather than of cheer, of doubt rather than of faith. It is a philosophy which limits man to time and space. His grandest achievements are of the earth, earthy. His immortality is limited; his successes fettered by circumstances; even his character developed or molded by climatic influences and the places of his habitation. From such an aspect of human history we turn to revelation; and though we may not be quite sure of the meaning of the prophecy, we have still faith to believe that there shall be new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

It is no easy task to write a religious tale without falling into the sentimental, tiresome, milk-and-water vein; and yet Mrs. Maria Louise Charlesworth has again shown that it can be done, in *Oliver of the Mill*. (New York, Robert Carter & Brothers; Cincinnati, Robert Clarke & Co.) The success of her "Ministering Children" is of itself a guarantee of the writer's excellence; and in looking into the pages of this volume, we are not disappointed. The story is happily told, and the attention is not wearied by tedious talk and barren episodes.

In the study of the classic languages there can be no substitute for the grammar and the dictionary. Editions of text-books have latterly been so much encumbered with notes for students, and with a vast deal of learned nonsense that a reaction has taken place;

and we are now getting the writings of the ancients in neat volumes, carefully edited, but without note or comment. In this style the Harpers have recently issued most of the classics used in college, and have just added to the list *Select Orations of Cicero*, from the edition of Reinhold Klotz. If the pupil will learn to depend less on glossaries and interpretations, and more on his syntax and his lexicon, he will make a better scholar, and his teacher can supply what lack there is of annotation and commentary.

CHURCH HISTORY at large is made up from the histories of separate Church organizations, sects, or creeds; and the history of a denomination is in like manner gathered from the annals of the several congregations composing it. As a contribution to the history of our own Church, Gilbert E. Currie has written a *History of the Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church of Brooklyn, New York*, which N. Tibbals & Son have just issued. It is prepared with great detail, and contains many local facts, names, and dates that may be of value hereafter.

A PLEASANT volume, in 16mo. size, for the leisure hour is *Roadside Poems for Summer Travelers*, edited by Lucy Larcom, and published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, who send us also their centenary edition (8vo, paper covers) of *Longfellow*. In the first mentioned of these books are many favorite poems from standard authors, together with occasional fugitive verses that have decided merit, but whose writers are little known. The editor has done her part of the work with discrimination and taste. The edition of Longfellow is neatly printed, and embellished with illustrative wood-cuts.

IN *Stray Studies from England and Italy*, Professor J. R. Green has collected a number of papers, originally printed in *Macmillan's Magazine* and the *Saturday Review*. The writer is the author of "A Short History of the English People," which attracted many readers both at home and in this country. And we have in this volume the same generous sentiments, the same picturesque style, and the same judicious reflection which marked the history. It is published by the Harpers, New York. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

WHO is not acquainted with Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard?" In *Select Poems of Thomas Gray*, published by the Harpers, New York, William J. Rolfe has given us a most carefully edited copy of the celebrated poem, together with the best of the other poems by the same author, and has enriched his volume with a sketch of Stoke-Pogis, where Gray resided, and a series of illustrative notes. The whole is adorned with well-executed wood-cuts.

JUVENILES.—From Nelson & Phillips, New York, we have received *Nobody but Nan*, by E. L. P.; *The Cross in the Heart*, by T. Taylor; and *Arthur and Bessie in Egypt*, by Sarah Keables Hunt. From Robert Carter & Brothers, New York (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), we have received *Rays from the Sun of Righteousness*, by the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D. We have also received *Benjamin Franklin*, by John S. C. Abbott, the last of the series of American Pioneers and Patriots; a fitly told story of the philosopher, statesman, and patriot. *Familiar Talks to Boys*, by the Rev. John Hall, D. D.,—a capital series of lectures, plain, forcible, direct, and practical, originally delivered without manuscript to the pupils of the Chaffier Institute, reported in short-hand, and afterward edited by the speaker for the printer. Both published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

FICTION.—From Harper & Brothers, New York, we have received *The Dilemma*, by the author of "The Battle of Dorking;" *The Prime Minister*, by Anthony Trollope; *Dead Men's Shoes*, by Miss M. E. Braddon; all in paper covers. George Eliot's new story, now running through the magazine, *Daniel Deronda*, is to be issued in two volumes, 12mo, cloth, of which the first has reached us. The author has not fallen behind her "Middlemarch" or "Adam Bede" in this story, and we predict for it a like success. *The Land of the Sky*; or, Adventures in Mountain By-ways, by Christian Reid, New York, D. Appleton & Co.

PAMPHLETS.—*Centennial Newspaper Exhibition*, containing complete list of American newspapers. Catalogue of *Drew Theological Seminary*. Catalogue of *Ohio Wesleyan University*. Catalogue of *Cincinnati Wesleyan College*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE AND THE REPOSITORY.

OUR modest and unpretending monthly was made the subject of an exceptionally large amount of discussion, at the late General Conference; and since important results as to its future may grow out of what was then and there said and done, our readers may be interested to see the whole matter set forth in order. We accordingly reproduce the debates from the official reports, abridged in some of the unimportant particulars.

On the fourth day of the session, Dr. L. R. Fiske of Detroit Conference, presented a resolution in these words:

"Resolved, That the Committee on the Book Concern be requested to consider the expediency of so changing the character of the LADIES' REPOSITORY as to connect it with a monthly devoted to the higher educational wants and culture of the people."

The next day Rev. S. W. Lloyd, of Kansas, offered a preamble and resolution, recounting the fact that the LADIES' REPOSITORY had very greatly declined in circulation till it had become barely self-supporting, and recommending that it should be discontinued after the present year. Both of these resolutions were referred to the Committee on the Book Concern, without debate.

Of what was said and done in the Committee, relative to this subject, no detailed report was given, though it was understood that a large share of attention was devoted to it, and important modifications projected. On the eighteenth day of May, the subject was brought up in the Conference, in a somewhat irregular way. The elections for General Conference officers were in progress, and that for editor of the REPOSITORY was next in order, while as yet the Committee having that matter in hand had not yet made their report.

At this point J. M. Buckley moved to postpone the election of the editor of the LADIES' REPOSITORY until after that part of the report of the Book Concern Committee had been acted upon. He remarked,—

If this General Conference proposes to allow the Agents and the General Book Com-

mittee to alter the name and extend the scope of the periodical, that fact would have a bearing upon the selection of a suitable person to edit it, and the Conference should first understand what kind of change was contemplated. It was very clear that there were men who were competent to edit the LADIES' REPOSITORY who would not be capable of editing the *Atlantic Monthly*, and as we have no idea of the nature of the changes to be proposed we can not now proceed intelligently to the election of an editor.

G. W. Hughey said some thought that the very best thing that could be done was to make the magazine what its name purports—a *Ladies' Repository*—and elect a lady to be the editor. He hoped the election would be postponed, and leave the arrangements with the General Book Committee at Cincinnati, and so afford an opportunity to present the name of a lady pre-eminently qualified for that work.

Luke Hitchcock reminded the Conference that, by order of the General Conference, the editor of the LADIES' REPOSITORY is also the editor of books for the Western Book Concern, and in the selection of an editor for the REPOSITORY you must have reference to that arrangement. Get the man who can edit the books, and who at the same time can make a live magazine, and when you came to the determination of the future status of the magazine, give your instructions to him accordingly.

C. D. Foss thought it very desirable that the motion to postpone the election of editor of LADIES' REPOSITORY should prevail. Very possibly it would affect the character of the REPOSITORY. If the magazine should be given a larger scope, it might even be attempted to make it one of the very best magazines in the country, and hence we should know what is determined upon before we select an editor.

D. Curry said:—It is perhaps known to every delegate on this floor, that for causes which may seem mysterious to some, and to others not so mysterious, that the LADIES' REPOSITORY has not of late been in so much favor with the Methodist community as in the times past. That is seen in the subscription list. He was prepared to say, having been a reader from the beginning of the REPOSITORY, that the falling off from the subscriptions was not owing to any want of ability in the recent editors, and yet we are circulating little more than one-quarter the number now of what we were sending out formerly. The magazine has done a good work in the Church. It has done much to educate our people, and has been a wholesome

influence in the Church and country. But nothing is more evident to those who have kept themselves abreast of the literature of the times, than that we have drifted away from the status of that periodical as to our magazine reading. He had always regretted as a calamity, that the magazine, started more than twenty years ago, should have been discontinued. We have never wanted more than now a general magazine of acknowledged power. The great decline of the LADIES' REPOSITORY is the natural outgrowth of the literary condition of the country. There are probably fifty thousand Methodists in the country who are the constant readers of magazines. In very many of our families, the secular and often infidel magazines are taken and read, and our young people are being poisoned in their own homes. We have failed at a capital point. We provide no adequate literature for the demand, and the consequence is, our people are reading that which does not tend to the knowledge and love of God. He held that the Methodist Episcopal Church owes it to her people to furnish them with wholesome reading-matter, and since the magazine is the favorite form, let such a one be prepared which, while avoiding the faults of others, shall combine all their excellences. He hoped, therefore, that this Conference would see to it that the right thing should be done, and then elect an editor in view of that purpose.

R. M. Hatfield said that this matter which had come up and is now under discussion is one that has commanded the attention of the Methodist Church for many years. He desired first of all to express his conviction that there was no fault or want of ability on the part of the present editor of the REPOSITORY which may account for the decline of its subscription list. But the time for the LADIES' REPOSITORY as a ladies' magazine had gone by.

The ladies of our day do not want a ladies' magazine, except the few who want the frills and furbelows of fashion, and they go elsewhere than to the LADIES' REPOSITORY to find them. The very title is a millstone about its neck, which effectually forbids its general circulation. There was no man or woman who could take its editorial work as a distinctively ladies' magazine, and make it a success. These are among the things which have perished in their using.

With regard to a magazine to have general circulation and high literary character, he would say that there are a great many things which, in the abstract, might be very desirable, but which are also impracticable. To make a respectable experiment of a first-class Methodist magazine, would require an expenditure of from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars. Has the Methodist Church to-

day any surplus funds to invest in enterprises of that sort?

Then he was in serious doubt whether it was the function of the Church to go out into this almost exclusively literary realm to compete with well-established periodicals like *Harper's* and *Scribner's*. Yet, if there was a field between our grand *Quarterly* and our weeklies, let us have it.

Something must be done for the REPOSITORY, or it is as sure of death as death itself. It has now a galloping consumption. The agency of the grand man who is there as its editor can only prolong its life temporarily, and if the Agents and the Book Committee can see a way by which it could be made a success, let them enter upon it.

D. N. Cooley said the matter was very fully discussed in the Committee, and the motives by which they were influenced were very fully set forth by the preceding speaker. It was presumed that the editor and the Book Committee and the Agents could better decide what was necessary to keep this magazine alive than we could on the floor of this General Conference. In Committee it came out that the subscription had fallen off from over thirty-four thousand to less than ten thousand. The Committee thought the plates might be dispensed with which cost five thousand dollars a year, or twenty thousand during the quadrennium, and if this money was put in brains for intellectual articles, it would make it a paying concern. We want a man of ability, and we believe the Committee could name him.

The next day, May 19th, the subject came up again, when J. M. Buckley remarked:

This magazine started a long time ago, and was one of a certain class for which there was then a demand; but in view of the large number now circulating among all classes, the demand for the LADIES' REPOSITORY, in its present form at least, was a thing of the past. He objected to its title, LADIES' REPOSITORY, and thought both terms defective, and hoped the Agents would be empowered to change the name. He wished also to see the character of the magazine changed, so that it might be adapted to, and popular with, all classes. He was thoroughly in favor of one of two propositions, either the suspension of the LADIES' REPOSITORY as an institution that has outlived its usefulness, or its modification so that it will become a *live* magazine.

J. Miley said:—It is suggested to change both the name and character of this magazine. Yet what is proposed leads practically to the suspension of one and the origination of another. He raised the question whether any great publishing-house in this country, proposing to do so great a thing, would submit the doing of it to merely business men. Have these Agents the capacity for

determining in so important an undertaking? Were they familiar with periodical literature, and did they know what was demanded by the Methodist Episcopal Church and what will meet this demand? As yet they did not know who the Book Committee might be, or whether they would be competent in deciding such a question. If the thing had to be done, he would prefer a special committee, selected with reference to their competency in this particular regard.

J. M. Walden desired to give some facts relating to the subject. Whenever, during the last eight years, we have thought of modifying the REPOSITORY, we have not advanced far before we have found ourselves so restricted by the Discipline that it was impossible to make the changes which were desirable or demanded. The report of the Committee on the Book Concern is designed to enable us to make these very modifications. If the limitations were removed, the magazine might be so altered as to find a much greater circulation among the families of Methodism. He thought the report of the Committee might be improved so as to refer the changes to the Book Agents, Editor, and the Western section of the Book Committee, who could then reach it in time so as to enter upon the improvements by 1st of January, when the subscriptions begin.

On motion of J. M. Walden, the Conference proceeded to elect an editor of the LADIES' REPOSITORY.

The following were nominated: E. Wentworth, J. F. Marlay, S. H. Nesbit, George M. Steele, R. Wheatley, B. F. Crary, and Miss Frances E. Willard.

The tellers then proceeded to collect the ballots, after which they had permission to retire for the count. . . . The tellers were announced, and the Chair declared the result as follows:

Whole number of votes cast, 308; necessary to a choice, 155. G. M. Steele received 104; Miss F. E. Willard, 55; S. H. Nesbit, 41; E. Wentworth, 32; B. F. Crary, 18; R. Wheatley, 8. No one having received a majority, there was no election.

A motion to adjourn then prevailed.

On the 20th of May, before the hour designated for the special order, to-wit, the second ballot for editor of the LADIES' REPOSITORY, R. Wheatley presented the following, namely:

Resolved, That the bishops be, and hereby are requested to select seven men of thorough literary culture and intimate acquaintance with the intellectual and religious wants of the Church and country, and that the brethren thus selected be added to the Committee on the LADIES' REPOSITORY, provided for in the third resolution of Report Number IV of the Committee on Book

Concern, and advocated its adoption. He said that the Church needed a monthly magazine he thought was obvious to all; and that there was room for it was evidenced by the fact that so many magazines were imported into the country and extensively circulated. He had no doubt that if such a committee was appointed as the resolution contemplated, men who were familiar with the current literature of the country and the needs of the Church, such a magazine would be projected as would render great service to Methodism, and be a source of revenue to the Book Concern.

E. Wentworth said: This introduction furnishes me with as good an opportunity, perhaps, as I shall have for running along on the same line of thought that was projected yesterday and the day before, and that has been followed up this morning. If I may be indulged with a personal remark or two in the peculiar position which I occupy, I shall be greatly obliged. I have felt that in some way I ought to render an account of my stewardship as editor of the LADIES' REPOSITORY, either to the Committee on the Book Concern or to this General Conference.

My first study upon taking my post, was to make the REPOSITORY just such a magazine as is contemplated in this resolution, and in the speeches made upon this subject during the past two days. My first point was thoroughly to inform myself as to the cost of running a first-class magazine; and I wrote letters and made inquiries in every available direction as to the cost of such magazines as *Scribner's* and *Harper's* and the like, and I found that they cost for literary contributions and illustrations from two to three thousand dollars per month. There is allowed for illustrations and correspondents in the LADIES' REPOSITORY some *ten thousand dollars a year*, less than one-half as much as these other magazines expend. I heard once of a benevolent lady in England who gave several young ladies twenty pounds each to be used in getting husbands. One of the girls brought to the lady a homely customer, and when asked if she could find no better husband than that, replied "Lord, mistress! what can you expect one to do with twenty pounds?" So what can you expect us to do better than we have with what has been given us? We, that is, the publishers and myself, have been victimized by circumstances. In the West we have been victimized by the failure of our premium matter, upon which I shall not enlarge here, but the history of which every Western man knows. With that failure the REPOSITORY lost six thousand subscribers in one year.

Our next failure was the effort to gratify the perpetual cry we hear from all quarters, to modernize the REPOSITORY. We cut

down the size from that which it had borne, and added sixteen pages to its thickness, but people seemed to think that because it was smaller in size it must be less in quality, and there was a loss of subscription. It is a little singular that in this discussion thus far no reference has been made to the hard times upon which we have fallen,—times that have reduced the missionary contributions in some of the Western Conferences from one dollar to twenty-five cents per member. This is a very important factor in the consideration of this case.

Another hampering fact is our agencies. The REPOSITORY, like our other periodicals, is circulated by the preachers as our agents. We are often applied to for our club-rates, and if we could give club-rates we could have clubs all over the country, and could sell it at the news stands and in the cars; but when asked for our club-rates we have to say that we have none, and that application must be made to the nearest Methodist preacher, who will furnish it at our regular rates. We have at least ten thousand traveling preachers, and all these are our agents, and if each preacher had sent us but a single subscriber, and it is to be supposed that there is at least one family upon each charge who can take the REPOSITORY, we should have ten thousand subscribers, and this would pay expenses of publication.

Another thing by which we have been victimized is this conflict of opinion with regard to the magazine. We have poured in upon us a constant stream of suggestions of changes,—Make it a Missionary magazine, a literary magazine, a Guide to Holiness, change its character, or the form, or the type, or the illustrations. Why, sir, as I have sat here for the last two days I have imagined myself in my own sanctum, as these numerous propositions for change have been poured forth. This conflict of opinion is perfectly marvelous. Some want a higher class of art, some a lower; some one kind of poetry, some another. One man went so far as to say that there had not been a piece of genuine poetry in the REPOSITORY for years.

A word now in regard to a lady editor. It is a ladies' magazine, and I went to it with the settled purpose to make it a literary magazine of the first character, with a religious flavor, for the entertainment of Christians; and yet one brother wrote to the Agents that "that old superannuated editor does not seem to know that there is a sinner upon the face of the continent." I wrote back, that I regarded the LADIES' REPOSITORY as more particularly intended for the benefit of Christians; sinners do not read it much, and they would not like it if they did. As it is a ladies' magazine, however, I have always given the preference to articles written by ladies. We have one hun-

dred contributors, and seventy-five of these are ladies. When two articles of equal ability have come in, one written by a man and the other by a woman, I have always given the preference to the latter. Whatever may have been the character of the REPOSITORY, you have always had the best that has been sent to us from all quarters. I have solicited matter from all available sources, have written all over this nation to bishops and editors and literary men and women, and have got and given you the very best I could, and I am not responsible for it if it has lacked brains, as has been said by some. It is not my fault if the best brains of the age are in the heads of Unitarians and skeptics and infidels, as some say, and not in the great Methodist Episcopal Church.

I wanted assistance in the editorial department, and could get it in one of two ways. One was to get an assistant in the office, and the other was to farm out the various departments of the work to men who are *au fait* in the several specialties or departments. This latter course I was compelled to, and a professor in an Eastern college, one of the best scholars of his day in modern languages, has had charge of the foreign department, and has culled each month the best matter from foreign periodical literature for the REPOSITORY. Another college professor has had charge of the art department, and his wife is an artist as well as himself, and they have culled and gathered, from month to month, for this department. Thus we have farmed out the various departments, until we supposed that the editorial work was well done.

I think, sir, that the character of the literature of the magazine is misunderstood by very many. To learned men magazine literature is the least attractive of any. Such merely skim it, glancing at the index and headings, and reading very little of it, but finding occasionally something that is valuable, and if they find a single new idea of importance in a year, they can afford to throw away all the rest.

It has been said that we have outgrown the REPOSITORY. Well, sir, we have outgrown a good many things. We have outgrown Clarke's "Commentaries," and we are outgrowing class-meetings, and probation in the Church, and the presiding eldership; and it would not be strange if we had outgrown the REPOSITORY,—but we have not all outgrown it. These preachers might have sent in several subscribers. I would like to see a hand-vote of those present who have sent in one; but many have not sent in any, and because they have outgrown it they imagine others have. They forget that there is always a rising generation coming up, who ought not to be educated by the foolish novels of the day, and by the published ac-

counts of the Brooklyn scandal; but have something put into their hands that they can read without soiling their minds or sullying their morals. This the REPOSITORY has been and is. In my judgment there is still room for such a periodical as the REPOSITORY, and there is room also for a magazine between it and our grand old *Quarterly*. We ought to dispense with none of these.

Now there has been a great deal of flip-pant talk about brains. Brains, sir, are the most costly commodity in the world, and few are aware how costly are the materials that build up our great city dailies. Then some things are as merciless as death, and this modern newspaper is one of these things. Whole herds of elephants are slaughtered, and their bodies left to perish, just for the two tusks of ivory. There is a bird in the Sandwich Islands that has two beautiful feathers in its wings, and myriads of these are killed for these feathers, and the cloak of the king is made of them. So our papers are published and made at the expense of the lives of not a few who are sacrificed to them. It would take the brain-power of the whole Methodist Church in a single issue to come up to the ideas of some men upon this floor.

All I claim is that, with the means at my command, I have done the best I could, and as well as could be expected; and yet I am sure, since the vote of yesterday, that I am practically dropped, and so I feel free to speak my mind. I did not seek the position. It has been pleasant to me in some respects, but in others it has been excruciating, and if the General Conference shall see fit to relieve me and let me go back to some circuit or station, I shall accept it, and be thankful.

J. F. Hurst said that the resolution offered this morning, by Mr. Wheatly, seems to be a great relief to things as left yesterday. He thought all the time spent in this discussion was a clear gain, and if similar statements to those just made by Dr. Wentworth were made by other editors, and oftener, it might bring them nearer the heart of the Church. He thought the proposition to take a part of the Committee from the East, the only way to prevent making the magazine a Western magazine, and to make it truly cosmopolitan in its character; he thought it would be proper to have two editions, one bearing the New York imprint and the other the Cincinnati imprint, with the same contents. He thought Dr. Wentworth had done the best possible under the circumstances. Now let us re-enforce the Western Committee by the strongest men in the Church, and give them this power of modifying and changing the magazine, that we may have one that will meet the highest demands.

Luke Hitchcock explained that the reference of the matter to the Western section of the Committee, was purely accidental, and arose from the fact that they will meet earlier than the Eastern section. There was nothing sectional about the magazine. The greatest patronage is from the West, but the editors have been for twenty-four years from the East. This shows that it is not sectional. He favored the appointment of the Committee as now proposed, but thought the Agents at New York should be on that Committee.

Dr. Curry said he felt a good deal of delicacy in occupying the floor at this time. He would, however, ask them to hear him patiently.

He had been all his life-time, he might say, in constant contact with the periodical literature of the country. He had read more papers and more magazines, that were not worth reading, than some other men who ought to know more than himself. For the last twelve years he had been in touching contact with the whole line of this literature. There have changes occurred in many things, as they tell us in the Centennial speeches, and as he had lived to see more than half a century, of his own observation he could state, that the change in the character of the literature of the country had indeed been very great. What was timely fifty years ago, was out of time twenty-five years ago; and what was a wise thing in this respect twenty-five years ago, is not right for the times to-day. Some of us remember when the great magazines of the country first made their appearance. He readily recalled going into one of the great publishing houses, nearly thirty years ago, when a magazine was handed him which was a new thing in the country. It was a venture, but it seemed that the publishers had builded better than they knew. The thing was timely, and most timely was the money they expended on it; for they never spared money to buy that costly thing—brains. The statements respecting the amount of money spent on the LADIES' REPOSITORY would alone solve the difficulty in the case if there was nothing else to do it. No magazine can be made, which the people will read, on which more has not been spent than there has on that one.

He was prepared to say, from his personal knowledge of the case, that it would have been impossible to have made our weekly papers succeed as they have at so small a cost, except that the men working upon them gave their services very cheaply, on account of Church relations, or because they had been assigned to the work by the Church authorities. A celebrated preacher in Brooklyn, whether at the Tabernacle or Plymouth Church, would preach on Sun-

days, glance over the periodicals, and edit a paper, at from five to twenty thousand dollars a year. He had compared notes with one of these popular papers, and was told that the weekly cost for editorial work was about four times as much as ours, and he, the speaker, did not think it was any better than ours, and, judged by the subscription list, he knew he was right, for the paper referred to had seriously lost, in the last four years, while ours had increased.

No one could very well determine beforehand of any one's fitness as an editor. "Journalists are born, not made." Unless a man is born to it, the journal in his hand will be a heavy thing. Some man whom you may call by name has made each of the successful journals of the age and community. In the New York papers you have the names of Bennett, Raymond, and Greeley; and though these men have died, yet in their lives they gave such an impulse and momentum to the papers of their creation, and their successors have so imbibed their spirit as to perpetuate to them the influence of the great names which gave them their position. It is exceedingly difficult, unless by accident, to get a man by election who has not yet demonstrated his ability to fill the expectation of this great Methodist public, and realize this demand of success at this time.

With regard to the LADIES' REPOSITORY, he was inclined to think that a decent burial would be a decent thing. There is no doubt that it once met a demand in the Church, and it is equally evident that some things have outlived their day, and that some men live too long and hold on to their places too long, and that things are allowed to continue when they should be taken away. If the REPOSITORY ever succeeds, it will be because you put the right man there, who will make it succeed.

And here I will utter something that may be unpalatable to some, but the truth demands it. *There is only one place in the United States where you can successfully publish a magazine such as is here contemplated; and that is not west of the Alleghenies.*

J. M. Walden said: Dr. Hitchcock stated correctly just what my own impression is when he offered the amendment yesterday. As the resolution stood, it would necessarily have carried the determination of the change of the REPOSITORY beyond next January, inasmuch as the General Book Committee would not meet until February. It seemed desirable, therefore, to have a supervision of the matter provided for, and as the Western branch of the Book Committee meets earlier, he had proposed its reference to them. It would seem wise to have on the Committee some of these wise men alluded to. He thought the idea obtained that

the LADIES' REPOSITORY was a Western magazine, and yet such an opinion was not based upon the facts. The very thing which Dr. Hurst thinks would be well to do for the REPOSITORY has been done ever since it was published, and may be found there to-day. It has always had upon it the imprint of the New York house, and the people taking it in New England do not know that it is printed beyond the Alleghany Mountains. The fact has been alluded to that the magazine has been conducted by Eastern editors, and a large proportion of the money paid to contributors has been paid to Eastern writers. He submitted that of these seven men who are named, two of them shall be the Eastern publishers, and the other five taken from this constellation of greatness wherever found. He therefore moved that the advisory committee of seven shall include the two Eastern Agents.

R. Wheatley said it did not necessarily follow that brethren who were members of the Book Committee had the requisite ability to determine these matters in question. He had the profoundest respect for the Book Agents at New York, but thought that there were men in the Church better qualified to serve on this committee than those whose time was fully occupied in other interests of the Church. He had listened with great interest to all that had been said on this subject, and every argument adduced has demonstrated the propriety of passing the resolution before them. He had listened with profound sympathy to the exposition of Dr. Wentworth, and every fact brought forward by him had demonstrated the necessity of bringing together these men of acknowledged ability, in order to solve the question as to how the Methodist Church can have the best magazine on the Continent.

Luke Hitchcock said, this was not simply a literary question, but a practical business question; and while perfectly willing to have five men on the Committee who should look after the literary part of the work to be done, we wanted at least two who would look carefully after its business features.

It was moved and carried that the two Eastern Book Agents be added to the Committee. The resolution, as amended, was then read by the Secretary, and, on motion, adopted.

J. M. Walden moved that we now proceed to the election of an editor for the LADIES' REPOSITORY.

L. D. Davis presented the following, which was read, and, on motion of F. C. Holliday, laid on the table.

Resolved, That the election of editor of the LADIES' REPOSITORY be postponed until the character of the magazine shall be established by the Agents and Committee already

provided for, and that when this is done, the said Committee shall be authorized to fill the vacancy.

The motion to proceed to an election for an editor of the LADIES' REPOSITORY, then prevailed.

The Secretary read the list of candidates as follows: G. M. Steele, Miss F. E. Willard, J. F. Marlay, S. H. Nesbit, E. Wentworth, B. F. Crary, and R. Wheatley.

E. Wentworth considered himself practically dropped by the smallness of the vote yesterday, and he had determined to withdraw his name from the canvass, and would like to do so in favor of some other candidate; but his friends objected.

J. W. Caughlan asked whether it would be in order to nominate another candidate, and being informed by the chair that it would, said, I nominate Daniel Curry.

S. H. Nesbit withdrew his name as a candidate.

The tellers then collected the votes, and retired for the count.

The tellers having returned, the result of the ballot for editor of the LADIES' REPOSITORY was here announced as follows:

Whole number of votes cast, 287; necessary to a choice, 144; of which Dr. Curry received 87; Dr. Steele, 83; Miss Frances E. Willard, 36; J. F. Marlay, 17; S. H. Nesbit, 7; E. Wentworth, 52.

The Chair requested the delegates to prepare their ballots, and the tellers proceeded to collect the ballots, and retired.

The tellers having returned, the Chair announced the ballot as follows:

Whole number of votes cast, 284; necessary to a choice, 143. Daniel Curry received 200 votes, and was declared elected editor of the LADIES' REPOSITORY.

The announcement was received with enthusiastic cheers!

H. Buck said, In view of the announcement just made, I submit whether there ought to be any further controversy in the Church on the question of the resurrection of the dead!

So closed the action of the General Conference on this matter.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

THE recurrence of the sessions of the General Conference each fourth year distributes our history somewhat after the manner of the Greek Olympiads, into quadrennial epochs. That held during the month of May of this Centennial Year was the seventeenth in regular order of the delegated Conferences which, in 1812, took the place of the aggregate assemblies of the traveling

preachers, all of whom previously to that date were members of the General Conference. At first the basis of representation was one delegate for seven members of the annual conferences; in the last it was one for forty-five. In 1864, and again in 1868, the General Conference consisted of two hundred and sixteen members, all ministers. In 1872, lay delegates were admitted, equaling about one-half of the number of ministerial delegates, who then numbered pretty nearly three hundred. In 1876, the whole number of delegates was a little over three hundred and fifty, divided between the two orders in about the proportion of two ministers to one layman. In 1864, the session began with six bishops, and three more were added by elections. All these remained in 1868, and, although two of the number were incapacitated for labor by age and ill health, yet no more were chosen. During the next four years no less than four of these died, leaving only five at the opening of the session of 1872, and one of these was quite too old for service. Eight additional bishops were then chosen. At the late session, the twelve bishops were present (the senior bishop having died in the interim), to preside over the deliberations, and to aid by their counsels in shaping the determinations of the assembly. No new bishops were elected.

Baltimore, the place of the meeting of the late assembly, is historical ground for Methodism, and especially for the General Conference,—since no less than seven of the seventeen sessions of the delegated General Conference have been held in that city. For the accommodation of so large a body, and at the same time to make room for the large number of spectators that might wish to witness the proceedings, a spacious non-ecclesiastical edifice was used,—a theater instead of a church,—as had been done at Brooklyn four years before. Saying nothing about the propriety or good taste of this substitution, the hall itself was not the most suitable for such a purpose. The stage was a good place from which to speak, and the galleries afforded all desirable facilities for seeing and hearing, but the body of the auditorium affords but very imperfect opportunities for deliberation. Under the very best

of circumstances, an assembly of three hundred and fifty persons is quite too large to be compatible with either convenient or profitable deliberation. The speaking in such a case must be of the character of a public harangue, instead of the quiet interchange of views in which the very essence of true deliberation consists. Only a few of the many present will engage to any considerable extent in these public discussions, and those who do are not always the wisest nor the best exponents of the mind of the assembly. All these embarrassments and their resultant evils were painfully experienced at the late session.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, its only legislative assembly, and having also large executive and judicial functions devolved upon it, meets only at intervals of four years, and then its sessions are, by necessary limitations, shut up to a single month. A vast amount of business is devolved upon it at each session in reviewing the work of the past four years, and quite as much more in making the necessary arrangements for the coming quadrennium. All the changes and new legislation that may seem to be called for, must be brought forward, examined,—first in committees, and then in the open Conference,—perfected and adapted within this brief period. To this must be added the infelicities arising from the magnitude of the body,—for it is a proverb that "large bodies move slowly,"—and from the fact that most of the members are but little used to such proceedings, and that they are largely strangers to each other, and need to become somewhat acquainted before they can co-operate advantageously. All these things properly considered will sufficiently account for any failures to do many things that might otherwise have been reasonably required of the General Conference. It certainly was a very hard-working body, and not disposed to fritter away its time upon trifles. Nor do we see how these evils can be remedied while our system of Church action remains as it is. Whether or not more frequent sessions of the General Conference are desirable, is a question quite worthy of consideration. The Presbyterians, with less than half our ministry and membership, and with a vastly less compact organization, meet in General

Assembly every year. The Episcopalians hold their General Conventions triennially, though their diocesan conventions have much more power for the adjustment of their local affairs than have our annual conferences. How to obtain a more intelligent and thorough ordering of our denominational affairs is a problem that requires the earnest consideration of the best and most thoughtful of our ecclesiastical statesmen. The necessity for this is made painfully apparent by what was done and what left undone at the late session.

The session extended over just one month, beginning on the first and closing on the last day of May. The amount of work actually done will probably appear to be rather inconsiderable; and though some may have feared, at first, that the whole framework of the Church was about to be taken to pieces and reconstructed, the fact is that very little was actually done beyond the merest routine. When the new edition of the Discipline shall appear, whoever will be at the pains to compare it with its latest predecessor, will find that the changes made are neither many nor great. The Episcopacy remains as it was, as to both its *personnel* and its modes of action. Even the much mooted question of episcopal support is not essentially or considerably changed. The relative powers of the bishops and the annual conferences in respect to the laying out of the work and making the appointments,—including the famous presiding elder question,—remain as they were. The affairs of the Book Concerns received a good share of attention, and though some things about them seemed to call for decided and even heroic treatment, yet very little was done. The missionary work of the Church has seemed to many of those best acquainted with it to greatly need a thorough re-examination, and some marked readjustments; but, except some new arrangements made necessary by the growth of some of the foreign fields, very little was done; and that vast interest, with its terrible burden of indebtedness, is turned over to the care of its subordinate guardians for another four years' course. Here, too, the work has outgrown the policy of the administration, and affairs are left almost entirely to drift, or to be navigated by the wise and devout men who are charged with its details,

with scarcely any other methods than their own intense purpose to glorify God and save souls. In the departments of Sunday-schools and Church Extension and Freedman's Aid, all things remain nearly as they were. Evidently, the General Conference of this Centennial Year will not figure very largely in the future history of the Church, unless it shall be for what it failed to do.

But these doings and not-doings will be very differently estimated by persons holding different relations and of diverse habits of thinking. Men charged with administrative functions, held and exercised in continuity, are seldom reformers. They fail to appreciate the imperfections of their own works, as others do, while they are quick to apprehend the difficulties that stand in the way of even confessedly desirable reforms. They are accordingly for the most part earnestly devoted to existing methods, and disposed to "let well enough alone." Or, as others would express it, they incline to run on in their own ruts. And there is undoubtedly the appearance of wisdom in this discreet hesitancy on the part of the men who are charged with great and delicate interests; and conservatism is respectable even though redolent of the odors of the sepulcher. Methodism has beyond all question been eminently successful in its work, and that alone may be made an apology for any possible faults in its legislation or administration, though the fallacy of such an argument is manifest. Great successes are nearly always achieved in spite of the oppositions of some and the blunders of others of those charged with the work, and it would be something remarkable if none of these infelicities were not found in the practical working of Methodism. He who has charge of a complicated piece of machinery must himself be a machinist in order that he may avoid dangers and apply needed remedies, and render available any possible improvements. The keeper of a great edifice or pile of buildings should be himself an architect, that he may order the repairs wisely, and adjust all the parts as changes become necessary in harmony with the governing design of the whole system. So, too, they who are charged with the Church's affairs, in order that they may well and wisely discharge their high functions, should be, in

skill and wisdom, "ecclesiastical architects," that the things committed to them may not suffer in their hands. Our Church is not, however, a finished edifice, needing only to be saved from marings and spoliations; it is rather a living growth requiring constant culture and prunings and readjustments, and, accordingly, to do nothing with it would be almost the worst possible treatment. It is therefore very questionable praise to say of the late General Conference that it left the affairs of the Church very nearly as it found them. If that was all that was needed, its coming together and its month of hard labor were all for very little.

If, however, it must be acknowledged that very little was *done*, it must be granted on the other hand that not a little was *said*. Elsewhere we give one chapter of the volume of words that were uttered in the body. The debates on the presiding elder question constituted a prolonged and well-contested fight, conducted for the most part with great propriety and good temper, and ably on both sides, though it became quite evident that a subject of such large proportions could not be satisfactorily treated in speeches limited to fifteen minutes. As an attack upon an intrenched position, it was spiritedly conducted, and if it failed of its fullest purpose it displayed the gallantry of the assailants, who retreated in good order, and organized for another campaign.

There was also a lively debate over the "color line," in which men of both races appeared as champions on both sides. Those of the opposition contended for an idea, and insisted that the Church, in its legislation and administration, should refuse to recognize men as white or black, but should treat all alike in all things. They consented that the three distinguished "colored" conferences hitherto organized might remain for the present, but that no more of the kind should be tolerated. The other party were no less careful of the interests of the colored people, for whom they demanded equal rights and full play in all things. But they treated the subject as one of facts, and the questions involved as though relating simply to matters of expediency, and they pleaded in behalf of the ministers of both races, that in cases where the thing seemed to be both practicable and desirable for the good of

the work, they might follow their preferences in the matter of separate conferences. And this was granted.

There was not a little discussion, first in the committees,—those on the episcopacy and on the Book Concern,—and afterward in the open Conference, about the manner of supporting the bishop. All seemed to agree that the funds needed for this purpose should be derived directly from the Churches and the people, and that the Book Concern should be entirely relieved in the matter; accordingly a plan for raising the needful funds was reported from both the committees, but it was rendered practically worthless by having attached to it a provision that, in case of a deficiency, the Book Concern should advance the needed amount up to a given proportion of the whole sum required. Practically this was very little more than a renewal of the provisions of four years before, under the operation of which the episcopal fund had made a deficit of about forty per cent in the gross sum of a hundred thousand dollars, which must be accounted for as a net loss by the Book Concern.

A marked feature in the proceedings were the reception of fraternal delegates from various outside Methodist bodies, and also from other evangelical Churches. Such Christian recognitions were exceedingly agreeable and edifying, and the papers read by the visiting delegates were able, and they breathed an excellent spirit of Christian brotherhood, and the addresses made were also both able and amusing. But a vast amount of valuable time was spent in thus receiving some eight or ten different deputations, with one, two, or sometimes three pretty lengthy speeches from each; of course, the matter became somewhat monotonous. Every body seemed to feel that, excellent as these greetings certainly were, it was exceedingly desirable to find out some method of conducting this business at a less expense of the time of the General Conference.

The review of the progress and present state of the Church's affairs presented in the action of the Conference was in nearly every department of the most encouraging character. Surely God has done great things for his people, for which abundant thanks-giving and praise are his due. But with

this wonderful prosperity comes also commensurate responsibilities, and our merely human prudence suggests misgivings as to the ability of the Church's leaders to properly manage such immense and almost infinitely varied interests. Shall we prove equal to the demands thus made upon us?

FUTURE OF THE REPOSITORY.

Now that our monthly has fallen into new hands, its patrons and readers very naturally feel some interest in respect to the future ordering of its affairs. Accordingly the editor-elect finds himself plied with almost innumerable inquiries about the proposed future. To all these it would afford him much pleasure to respond explicitly and fully, but unfortunately he is but very little better informed about the matter than any of them certainly are. Elsewhere in these columns will be found a summary of the debates had in the General Conference about the matter, and also the one brief resolution adopted by that body, which debates occurring just before the adoption of that resolution may be accepted as interpreting its meaning, while the election for editor, that followed immediately, seemed to emphasize that action, and in some sense to render it practical.

In that action a committee consisting of eighteen persons is provided for, to-wit: the four Book Agents, and the Western section of the Book Committee (nine persons), and five additional ones, named by the bishop, by order of the General Conference. This committee is charged with the direction and determination of the whole matter. When or where this body will hold its session, who shall call the members together, and what they will probably do when they come to act, are questions that this deponent is wholly unable to answer. Our present state is therefore one of the most complete uncertainty. We have before us only our work for the remainder of the current year, which we shall endeavor to perform as best we may, though it may seem like putting new wine into old bottles.

There can be no question that it was the sense of the General Conference that there should be a new departure in the conduct of the Church's monthly; either a thorough reconstruction, or a burial of the old and

the creation of a new one, and in its choice of one for its editor who had just then expressed most fully and decidedly his convictions of the absolute necessity, as a condition of success, for the most thorough treatment of the case, indicates as much. The new editor, therefore, understands that he was appointed by the highest authority in the Church to do quite another work than simply to carry on the LADIES' REPOSITORY as it has been and is,—to tread quite another way than simply to walk in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessors. For more than ten years the magazine has been declining in the public estimation as measured by its subscription list, which is, after all, the best possible test of adaptation to the public demand. At length the case has become desperate; and in this moribund condition the magazine is passed into our hands, to be killed or made alive. In respect to this business the story of the simpleton, who, hearing a misformed dwarf exclaim pettishly, "God mend me," replied, "I think, sir, it would be easier to make a new one," would seem to apply; or like the Yankee's knife, which first needed a new blade and then a new handle, the REPOSITORY needs two things,—different literary material and a different form.

Our worthy predecessor complained of the incompatibility of the suggestions made to him by his various correspondents as to what the magazine should be. On the contrary, our advisors are pretty well agreed, their only alternates being a thorough reconstruction on the one hand, or, on the other, the abandonment of the old, and the creation of a new one, with a decided inclination toward the latter. Nobody seems to think of it as either desirable or possible to continue matters as they are, though some tell us plainly that they consider the case in any possible condition a hopeless one. We do not, however, despair, provided the needed conditions shall be afforded. We fully appreciate all the difficulties of the case, and are aware that nobody else has so much at stake in the enterprise as he who may undertake this work of rescue. It is a forlorn hope that we are called on to lead, and it would seem but reasonable that all available facilities should be afforded for its success.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—In our school days, when we studied geography, our great West between the Missouri River and the Pacific coast, was labeled "Unexplored." Since then, American enterprise has mapped out and planted settlements over nearly the entire region, and the government surveyors have told us of the wonders of that vast domain. The photographer and painter have accompanied the government expeditions, and brought back pictures of the more striking scenes. One of them, "Green Lake, Colorado," we have had engraved for this number. A description of the lake will be found elsewhere among our pages.

Our readers will be pleased to have a portrait of Dr. Wentworth, whose acquaintance they made during the four years that he remained editor of this magazine. We can only give a summary of his life, as prepared for the Alumni Record of the Wesleyan University, from which institution he was graduated in 1837.

Born in Stonington, Connecticut, August 5, 1813.

1838—Teacher of Natural Sciences Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary, New York.

1841—Teacher of Natural Sciences in Troy Conference Academy. Became a member of Troy Conference.

1846—President of M'Kendree College, Lebanon, Illinois.

1850—Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Received the degree of doctor of divinity from Alleghany College.

1854—1862—Missionary at Foochow, China.

1862—Returned to America, and stationed as pastor at North Second Street, Troy, New York.

1865—7—At State Street, Troy, New York.

1868—70—At Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

1871—72—At Amsterdam, New York.

1872—Elected Editor of the LADIES' REPOSITORY.

In the debates before the late General Conference, a summary of which we have just given, the Doctor stated the principles upon which he acted while editor, and our readers know the character of the magazine as he made it. From this labor he enters again into the pastoral work, but we trust his pen will not be laid aside.

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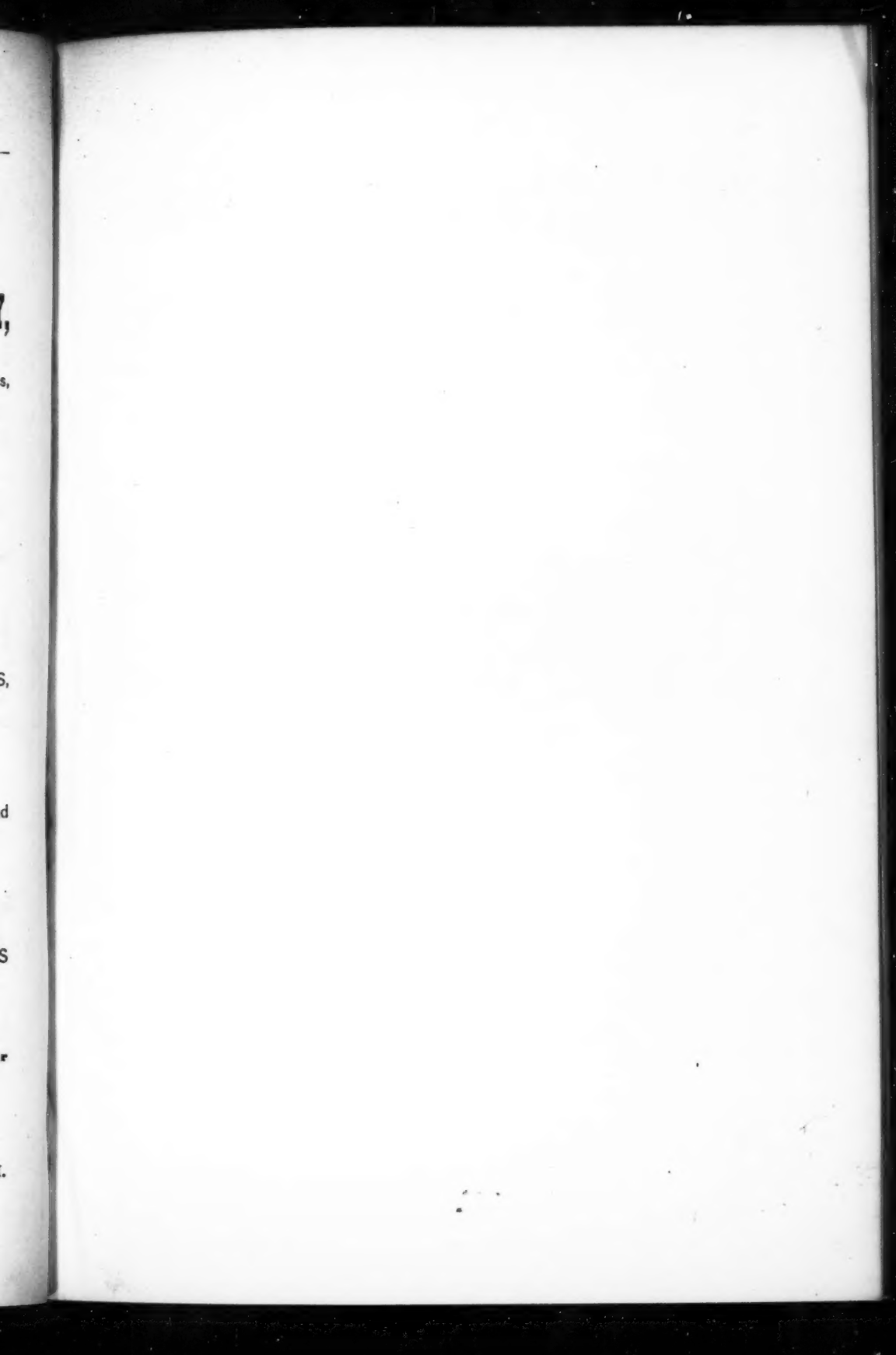
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